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SEPTEMBER 19, 1980

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BERT MOSS SPIKES
E LETELIER BOOK — see page 114

NATIONAL REVIEW

TRADING WITH THE ENEMY: A HAPPY WAY TO DIE?

R. SEAN RANDOLPH

NATIONAL REVIEW IS BONKERS ON CARTER

'Sometimes I feel like crying'

WM. A. RUSHER

PROSPERITY WITHOUT INFLATION— OR, VOTE FOR REAGAN

ALAN REYNOLDS

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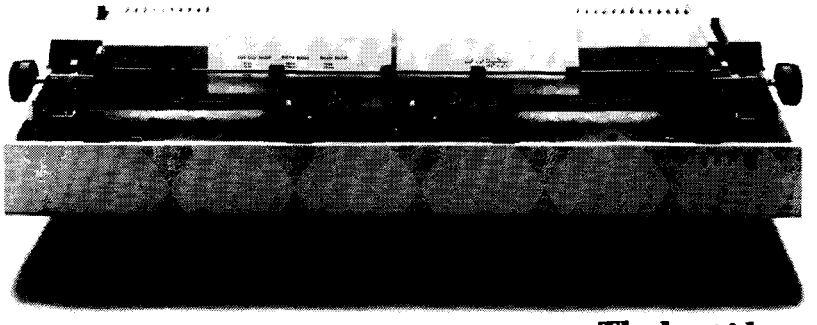

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NATIONAL REVIEW

SEPTEMBER 19, 1980
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1130 Prosperity without Inflation
Should we use inflation to cure unemployment, or unemployment to cure inflation? The alternatives are false and, thus posed, show a failure to grasp the roots of our economic disorder. *Alan Reynolds*

1132 Trading with the Enemy: A Happy Way to Die?
Lenin predicted that capitalism would sell its hangmen the rope. Today the rope takes the form of machines that grind ball bearings, enabling the Soviets to MIRV warheads that could reach you, reader, a few minutes from now, should the occasion arise. Of all our exports to the Soviet bloc, computing equipment makes up, by far, the largest part—though the average Czech or Pole or Russian has no personal use for it. Our excuse for not having a restrictive policy is that they can always get the stuff elsewhere. Nonsense, says the author. *R. Sean Randolph*

1138 The Telltale Signs of Freedom
Burma gets along fine with its neighbors. It has no domestic problems. Its people are working hard to build socialism. All these statements can be verified by reading the official Burmese press. Cross over into Thailand, and you find capitalism, imperialism, military rule, and other disgraces. Why, then, are the Thais smiling? *Thomas Molnar*

1140 Ex Parte McCardle
The legislative branch has acquiesced in the abuses and usurpations of the judiciary, especially its mandating of racial discrimination—"affirmative action" and the like. The remedy lies in recognizing that the Constitution ultimately means what the Congress decides it means. *Anthony Tortora*

1142 Stop Caricaturing Carter
Is Carter just another liberal? *NR*'s publisher takes exception to an *NR* editorial. *William A. Rusher*

1143 The Great Happiness Crash
The worst returns to laughter. *Eric Stephanus*

Books Arts & Manners

1147 **Robert Moss** examines a book about the murder of Orlando Letelier, finds it "awesomely bad," and raises questions its authors don't: What about Letelier's (and the authors') Cuban ties? How come the major media, in covering the story, spiked the facts about the contents of Letelier's briefcase? Why is Tati Allende's husband not accurately identified, nor Julián Rizo even mentioned? . . . **William Murchison** finds Nora Beloff a most acute reporter on the Soviet Union, to which, therefore, she won't be allowed to return. . . . A former John Lindsay aide assesses *The Cost of Good Intentions*. **William F. Rickenbacker** smiles benignly, but withholds full approval. . . . **D. Keith Mano** flips for a feminist. . . . **John Simon** slashes back for all of us at Brian De Palma. . . . **Nika Hazelton** celebrates Sofia, in all its Bulgarity. . . . Vermonter **Stephanie Hart** discovers, sans harpoon, what a whale sounds like up close.

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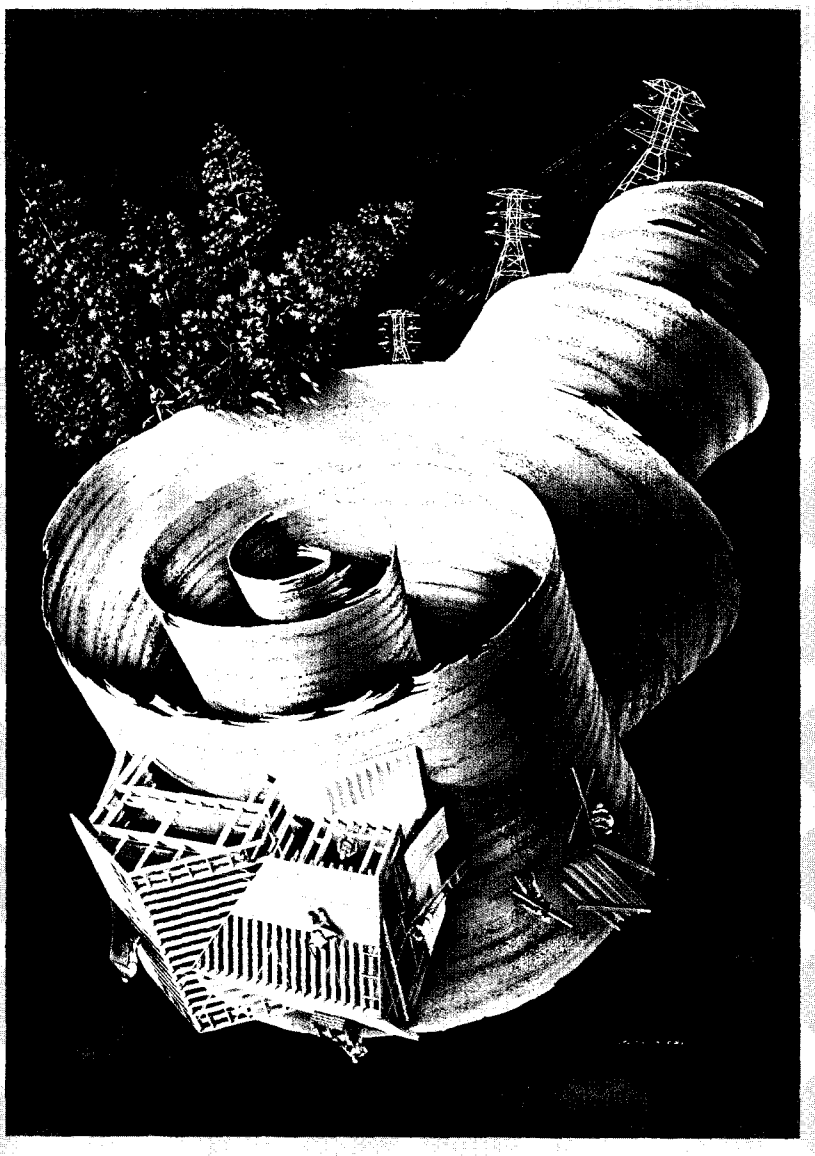

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Letters

Mr. Hoover's Virtues

Isn't it strange how often men are remembered for something superficially like, but in motive quite different from, what they actually did? I think particularly of Herbert Hoover, whom I have heard spoken of all my life as a rather aristocratic fellow who precipitated the Depression because he didn't understand what life was like for the working man.

Now, Hoover may indeed have had something to do with precipitating the Depression; but as George Nash illustrates so movingly ["Mr. Hoover's Nation," Sept. 5], there can have been few politicians who have spent so little of their lives on politics and so much working in the "real world." Even Hoover's philanthropic pursuits were not those of a fuzzy-minded do-gooder; he was charged with the specific task of getting food to actual people—something that demonstrably either works or does not; and he did it with tremendous devotion and skill.

If I myself find that in his paeans to American social egalitarianism he neglects the positive virtues of the Old World—well, that is a matter of preference on which there is no point disputing. There is also, in a very different sense, no disputing Mr. Hoover's positive virtues.

Mary Schlegel
Boston, Mass.

The Tragedy of Dissent

Mr. Timpe's letter ["Letters," Aug. 22] on Herman and Dohrs's piece, "The True Horror of Soviet Internal Exile," presents a valid argument (i.e., that not all dissidents are broken by the system), but one that is no more complete than the article he criticizes for its omission.

There are two points in this whole issue of Soviet dissidence, and it would be next to impossible for a single author to present them both as strongly as they deserve at the same time: one is the bravery of the individual dissidents who keep on surfacing no matter what pressures the Soviet Union puts on them; and the other is the tragedy of the lives that are broken by the Kremlin's inhuman pressures. Emphasizing the latter, as Herman and Dohrs did, only makes all the clearer the bravery of those who do remain dissidents, and the indefensibility of the Soviet system.

One might add, incidentally, that Herman and Dohrs have a noble precedent in choosing to concentrate on that aspect: Solzhenitsyn's *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denissovich.*

Frederick Elliott
New Haven, Conn.

Two Faces of Our Founders

Harry Jaffa ["Another Look at the Declaration," July 11] surely is correct that "all men are created equal" is the valid basis of self-government. But I question his position that, in the area of natural rights, the Declaration of Independence departs from Locke in substituting "the pursuit of happiness" for the preservation of "estate."

Happiness is a crucial right for Locke, too, but it does not accord with Aristotle's concept of happiness as man's natural end. Leo Strauss shows that, in civil society, Locke's law of nature means the right to unlimited acquisition, not the mere preservation of property. This can't be Aristotle's "happiness," which lies in virtuous actions.

This is the light in which Strauss views American prosperity, and I feel that the Introduction to his *Natural Right & History* has been misread by Professor Jaffa. While Strauss celebrates the Declaration's emphasis on something above positive rights, he doesn't say whether this is classical natural right, or the modern version.

Pace Joe Sobran's remarks on how the Fathers interpreted Locke, one purpose of "secret writing," as Professor Strauss sees it, is to mislead the innocent into embracing revolutionary doctrine.

Joel Suffens
South Gate, Calif.

It was refreshing to see a serious accounting of the substantial contribution to America made by Alexander Hamilton [by Forrest McDonald, July 11]. As the broader democracy continues to show itself incapable of addressing the challenges facing our nation, it may be hoped that an "enlightened sense of self-interest" (to use Mr. Hamilton's phrase) on the part of the populace may bring us back to the republican form of government first designed by the Founding Fathers.

Alec Sebastian
Chairman, National Hamiltonian Party
Flint, Mich.

De Profundis Clamant

Russell Kirk wrote ["Redoubts of Liberal Education," July 25] of the arbitration decision which went against the Saint Ignatius Institute at the University of San Francisco. We at the Institute are, of course, as dismayed as anyone at this decision. Oddly—or rather providentially—enough, however, it does not at all threaten to affect the integrity of the Institute.

The Institute's faculty and staff are of one mind, and if we were to be forced to compromise on the selection of faculty,

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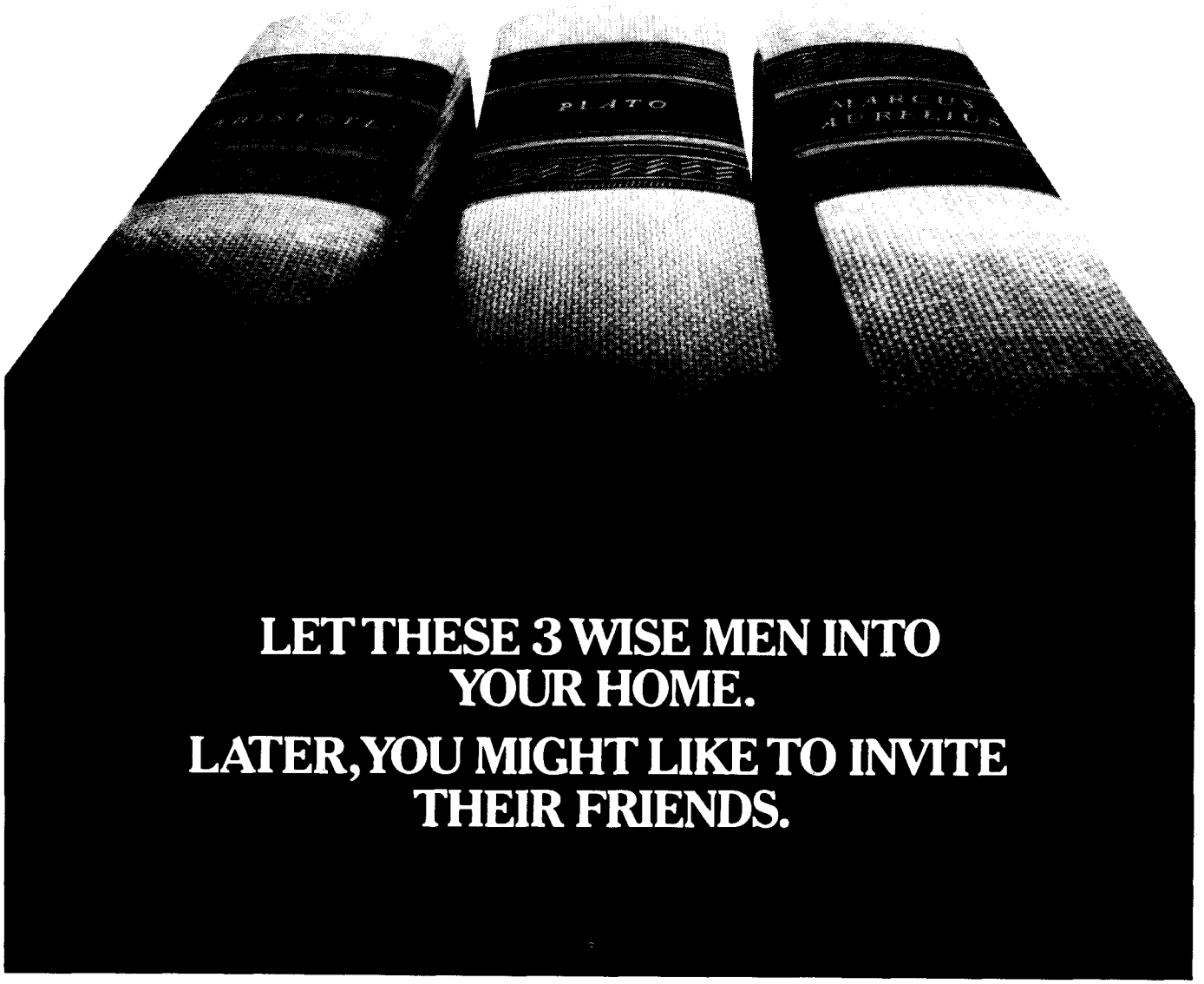

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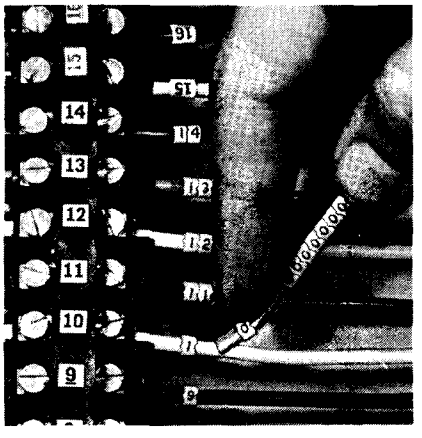

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we would abandon the Institute and i would no longer be what it is. The Uni versity administration would find it ver difficult to allow this to happen since: 1 we are attracting the very best student the University has (all three Danforth Fellowship candidates last year were Insti tute students); 2) we are attracting larg numbers of students who would not other wise be at USF (and this means a sub stantial additional revenue for the Univer sity); 3) many of the most influential anc wealthy benefactors of the University are strong supporters of the Institute.

While I greatly appreciate Russell Kirk's concern, my fear now is that the very people who we hope would come to the Institute will have the impression that its existence is seriously threatened.

Joseph Fessio, S.J.
Director, St. Ignatius Institute
San Francisco, Calif.

Russell Kirk correctly reported the demise of the Integrated Humanities Program of the University of Kansas. Like everything else, however, death is not what it used to be. Especially death by administration. We do not wholly cease to exist; it is just that nobody *knows* that we exist.

John Senior and I do, however, continue to conduct the sequence of courses, although it is no longer a "program." We still teach the same great books exactly as we have for many years, including all those dangerous orthodoxies that so terrify the liberals.

Indeed, we have made a virtue of necessity; for having become proficient in the art of dying, and it being true that philosophizing is a sort of participation in death, we find that we are getting better and better at our work. Or, as T. S. Eliot put it,

What the dead had no speech for, when living,
They can tell you, being dead . . .

Dennis Quinn
Lawrence, Kan.

Unshrouded

In your editorial "Blanketing the Shroud" [May 30] you referred to *Scientific American*'s refusal to publish an article on the Shroud of Turin as a refusal by the scientific community to acknowledge the possible or probable authenticity of the Shroud. Actually some articles in professional scientific journals have been published since you wrote. I refer you specifically to the four papers in *Applied Optics* (June 1980) which came out of the 1978 non-destructive test series. Also, *Science* (American Association for the Advancement of Science) and *X-Ray Spectometry* have very recently published articles on the tests.

Robert C. Whitten
Cupertino, Calif.

→

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Ex Hibernia ad Helvetiam

I should like to comment on a minor point in Ruth Berenson's review of *The Plan of St. Gall* [March 7]. Miss Berenson refers to the Plan's "classical and Nordic antecedents." There is of course another influence at work throughout that period: the Abbey of St. Gall was founded, as its name indicates, by St. Gall, an Irish monk, a follower of St. Columbanus. The "stunning illuminated manuscripts" from the Charlemagne exhibition were certainly made by monks trained in Irish schools, which carried the art of manuscript illumination to perfection, or by their pupils.

The main "Nordic" influence on St. Gall seems to have been the series of Viking raids on Ireland, which broke up the large Irish schools and cut off replacements reaching the Continent, so that monasteries like St. Gall were eventually turned over to the Benedictines.

Philip O'Keefe
Staten Island, N.Y.

I would like to clarify one point in Ruth Berenson's delightful review of *The Plan of St. Gall*. She begins by saying, "In popular imagination, no period of European history seems mistier, more deserving of the epithet 'the Dark Ages,' than the era of Charlemagne." She later explains that many wonderful things—"stunning illuminated manuscripts, ivories, and metal work"—were produced during this period. However, I fear that she may still have left the impression that "the Dark Ages" is an acceptable (even if not accurate) name for the Carolingian period; whereas in fact the Dark Ages ended (despite some later ups and downs) with the Eighth Century Renaissance, as it was dubbed by (I believe) Charles Homer Haskins.

Meanwhile, Miss Berenson has, in the nicest possible way, made me grievously unhappy: she has set me to coveting a book that I can't possibly afford, and would have no place to put even if I could afford it. I only hope that the publishers will take her suggestion, and produce a condensed version for non-librarians.

Gervase Thomson
Belmont, Mass.

The Airline War

Two theorists by names of Bruce and Traynham obviously based their article "Looking Back on Airline Deregulation" [May 16] on an enormous ignorance of the real world of air transportation.

True enough, traffic was very heavy last summer, although this was due at least as much to normal travel cycles and to competitive discounts as to deregulation. But after Labor Day, traffic began dropping, discounts or no, and winter holiday traffic was well below forecasts.

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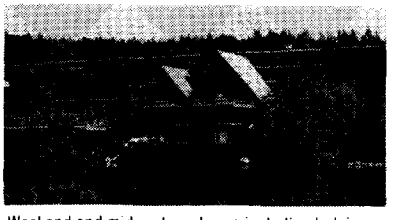

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into the black, one just slightly. Since then red ink is being splashed all over the place, and the full effect of open competition is just now beginning to be felt, as more and more airlines try to invade an already embattled and highly competitive field. With the barriers down, the industry is bent on self-destruction. Some consumers will benefit, for a time at least, but there will be big losses in employment and industry stability.

It is true that deregulation has given some small airlines opportunities to move in and capture traffic from trunks by offering lower fares. No ticket offices, no frills, no serving of small stops, just skimming cream with lower break-even costs. The consumer has benefited wherever these services are available, but the air transport system needs to be looked at on a national basis with proper checks and balances between heavily traveled routes and sparse ones.

Internationally the U.S. has made itself look ridiculous by trying (mostly unsuccessfully) to force its open-sky policy on other countries. The result has been that this country has given away priceless assets in traffic rights to foreign carriers and received pittances in return.

Those who know the industry best consider the deregulation act (started by Ted Kennedy and grabbed by Howard Cannon in a jurisdictional dispute) a hoax, a fraud, and a fiction. The great air-transport industry, finest in the world despite its ups and downs, is facing extremely difficult times. Higher fuel and other costs are contributing factors, but there is no longer any regulatory agency on hand to apply the brakes when individual airlines that can't generate new business on their own steal somebody else's in an effort to stay afloat.

Wayne W. Parrish
Washington, D.C.

The Author Replies

Mr. Parrish's letter raises the same objections to airline deregulation that were raised when the issue was first discussed: i.e., that airlines would soon succumb to normal economic pressures and actually begin to compete against one another. As "evidence" of the destruction of the industry, Mr. Parrish points to losses incurred by major airlines during the winter of 1979-80. He downplays the facts that winter has always been a slow travel season, that fuel prices have skyrocketed during the last year and a half, that the country is in a recession, and that airlines embarking on fleet expansion have been hit with substantial increases in the cost of capital. Deregulation should not be held to account for the sins of OPEC and the nation's faltering economy.

Secondly, Mr. Parrish brings back two concepts dear to the heart of regulators:

1. That people who fly on heavily traveled routes should subsidize those who fly on thinly traveled routes. Why? Anyway, there has been little loss of service by major airlines overall, and what loss there has been has mostly been offset by smaller airlines seeking to enter new markets.

2. That the right to fly routes between American and foreign cities is a "priceless asset" which should be preserved for our own airlines. It is easy to see how this proposition benefits the airlines, but difficult to see how it contributes to the general welfare.

No one ever promised that airline deregulation would bring constantly increasing profits and ever lower fares. What it did do was to end the wasteful phenomenon of airlines flying planes 50 per cent empty as companies competed not by cutting prices but by adding flights. No one denies that, other things being equal, it is nice to have an empty seat next to you, to be able to visit your relatives in the middle of nowhere and be the only person stepping down from the 727 at that stop, to be able to have your friendly travel agent book a complicated itinerary for the same price that it would cost you to do it yourself, and to get all those nice in-flight frills at no extra charge. The problem is that other things are never equal—somebody has to pay for these things, and it is usually the traveler.

Peter C. Bruce
Brownsville, Tex.

HE'D RATHER BE RIGHT!

William A. Rusher

When New York University's School of Law presented its "Distinguished Citizen Award" to William A. Rusher in 1973, it declared that the honor was being conferred on him "in recognition of his able articulation of the conservative viewpoint."

Former Los Angeles Police Chief Ed Davis put it this way after one Rusher talk: "I sit on many a dais and hear a great many speeches, but it has been years since I have heard anything quite so fine."

To the *New York Times*' liberal columnist Tom Wicker, on the other hand, Rusher is just "terrifyingly articulate."

Would your college (or business association, or community lecture series) like to hear a powerful conservative spokesman with more than twenty years' varied experience battling for the cause? As *NR* publisher, Goldwater drafter, TV personality, New Majority theorist, and syndicated columnist, Bill Rusher fills the bill. Ask him to speak on foreign affairs, domestic politics, free enterprise, constitutional law, or internal security—and give your organization a treat! Engagements for the 1980-81 season are being accepted now.

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Economic Research Bureau Warns:

When the Depression Hits, What Happens to You?

(Washington, D.C.) A major economic crisis is about to hit the United States, and our government is not going to be able to head it off. This is the controversial opinion of Dr. Gary North, the executive director of the American Bureau of Economic Research, the nationally known research organization. In fact, Dr. North argues, the government's own policies are the source of the coming collapse.

"The U. S. economy is a house of cards," Dr. North asserts, "but people who didn't go through the Great Depression can't believe that such a thing is possible any more. We have raised up a generation of Americans who simply won't know what to do when the crisis hits. Their grandparents remember what real hardship is, but the kids don't want to think about it."

"The Six Deadly Assumptions"

Millions of Americans, young and old, are making assumptions about the future that are dangerously optimistic. Dr. North calls these "the six deadly assumptions." A lot of people believe in all six, he says, and practically everyone believes in at least four. The six assumptions are these:

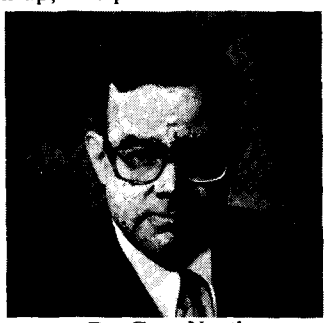
1. **"My pension can actually be paid off."**
2. **"The Social Security system isn't bankrupt."**
3. **"The Federal government insures the present and future value of my bank account."**
4. **"A depression is impossible today."**
5. **"My guaranteed annuity is safe."**
6. **"The government will control inflation."**

If you have made even **one** of these assumptions, and you refuse to rethink your premises, Dr. North warns, "you are headed straight for disaster."

"Special Report"

Dr. North's detailed predictions about the immediate economic future, plus his analysis of the six deadly assumptions and how to escape their consequences, are now available in a special report, ***How You Can Profit from the Coming Price Controls.***

The government will soon be issuing a new currency, he says: ration coupons. He also predicts crippling shortages. Whole sections of the economy will go bankrupt. Unemployment in these industries will skyrocket. Businessmen who have not learned the techniques of capital preservation under price controls will have a terrible time. "As always, sharp traders who know in advance what is coming will clean up," he predicts.



Dr. Gary North

Will the Government Suppress his Report?

Dr. North claims that his special report gives you the techniques that will "beat the paralyzed markets." He says you have to know about timing, shifting markets, hidden sources of supplies, and barter. "These techniques are really not that hard to master once you know what they are, but they aren't obvious to most people. You have to be taught."

Dr. North admits that very few people will take the steps necessary to protect themselves. "This is why the little guy always gets sheared. People refuse to act until it is way too late. They won't read a survival manual like ***How You Can Profit from the Coming Price Controls.*** But for those who do, and who follow its advice, the coming crisis should be a time of tremendous opportunity. For some people, it will be a true bonanza."

"The Government Will Suppress This Report"

Dr. North is pessimistic about the long-run prospects for his report. He is convinced that the government will eventually take steps to restrict its circulation. "My report shows people how to beat the controls. The bureaucrats resent this. After all, what good are the controls, from the government's point of view, if people know how to short-circuit them? That's what my report is all about."

About the time that most people finally figure out that a crisis has hit and that they desperately need the information in his report, Dr. North says, the government will force it off the market. "People always think they can get special information anytime they need it, but they can't. If they wait too long, they will have to pay through the nose to get it."

There are still some important **loopholes** that the government has neglected to close, Dr. North insists, but they won't be available forever. "That's why the people who act now will make the big money. Those who wait around will **pay** the big money." If you hesitate now, concludes Dr. North, "you're asking for trouble."

Dr. North's special report, ***How You Can Profit from the Coming Price Controls***, is being distributed by the American Bureau of Economic Research. It sells for $14.50. To order, fill out the coupon below.

GUARANTEE: If the government should prohibit further sales of Dr. North's report while your check is in the mail, the American Bureau of Economic Research will return your check by first class mail within one working day of its arrival. The Bureau cannot guarantee to send you the actual report if the government acts before you do. **Immediate action on your part is strongly recommended to insure that you receive Dr. North's report.**

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Things not going so well for the Reagan camp? True, but look at some of the figures. Latest *Newsweek* survey shows **Reagan** winning the election by fifty electoral votes. . . . **Evans & Novak**'s latest rundown gives Reagan 472 electoral votes to 66 for **Carter**, none for **Anderson**, but their survey shows four Southern states (Ark., N.C., S.C., Tenn.) shifting from Reagan to Carter and only one (Conn.) from Anderson to Reagan. More important, they show some of the big ones (Conn., Mass., Mich., Minn., Pa., Wisc.) now tipping toward Carter. . . . May not be true this time, but since 1960 the presidential candidate ahead in the **Gallup** as of Labor Day has gone on to win. On Labor Day it was Reagan 39, Carter 38, Anderson 14. . . . One big plus of the week: rejection by a three-man federal court of **Common Cause** efforts to ban fundraising by public affairs groups. This means that pro-Reagan **Americans for an Effective Presidency**, **Fund for a Conservative Majority**, and **Americans for Change** are back in business: money was slow coming in while the matter was in court. . . . Finally, of the 44 contestants in the **Miss America Pageant**, 19 are for Reagan, to 11 for Carter, eight for Anderson, six undecided.

■ Big troubles on the John Anderson front (by definition, any presidential candidate who has to pick **Patrick Lucey** as his running-mate is in trouble). **George Will** suggests Anderson's media-hype is a thing of the past: "Some ladies and gentlemen of the press who had a hand in inventing Anderson last February are now becoming cross with him. They have concluded that his candidacy may help Reagan, so they say he should pack it in." . . . He's also in financial and organizational trouble. Three of his key aides, including deputy campaign director **Ed Coyle**, campaign treasurer **Francis Sheehan** (both from the **Mo Udall** presidential campaign staff in 1976), and chief scheduler **Michael Fernandez**, have quit. . . . If he loses in November, will Anderson rejoin the **Republican Party** (would they have him?)? "No," says Anderson. "It would be a betrayal of my independent campaign."

Shailo, *London Daily Telegraph* Rothco

"Menswear, jewelry, takeovers? . . ."

■ Well, what do you know: **George McGovern** is for the B-1 bomber, for a congressional veto of FTC regulations, for a gun control act the **National Rifle Association** sponsors; **Birch Bayh** is for draft registration; **Frank Church** deplores **Soviet** combat troops in Cuba and **World Bank** loans; **Warren Magnuson** wants a statutory ceiling on federal spending (Warren Magnuson!); **Alan Cranston** and **Gaylord Nelson** favor a stronger defense establishment. What do they have in common? They are Democratic senators, liberals, and endangered—hence the conservative rhetoric. At last count, McGovern was trailing his Republican opponent, Rep. **James Abdnor**; Frank Church was running neck and neck with Rep. **Steve Symms**; and Sen. **John Culver**—who refuses to abandon his liberal nostrums—has pulled about even with Rep. **Chuck Grassley** after trailing him earlier. . . . Incidentally, of the 29 incumbent senators up for re-election, McGovern has the highest ADA rating (100), followed by **Leahy** (D., Vt., 89); Nelson (D., Wisc., 84), and **Javits** (R., N.Y., 83).

■ Sen. **Mike Gravel** of Alaska—best remembered for his tearful rendition of the Pentagon Papers on the Senate floor—was the first incumbent to be beaten in a primary this year, losing to **Clark Gruening**, the grandson of the man he beat in his first Senate race in 1968. . . . In Alabama, Admiral **Jeremiah Denton**, who spent more time than anyone else in a POW camp, has won the Republican senatorial nomination for the seat now held by Sen. **Donald Stewart**. . . . House Speaker **Tip O'Neill** thinks the Democrats won't lose more than 18 seats in November, but among the endangered 18 are such key House Democrats as: Majority Leader **Jim Wright**, Majority Whip **John Brademas**, Ways and Means Committee chairman **Al Ullman**, Interior Committee chairman Morris Udall. . . . Interesting race in South Carolina where State Senator **Tom Hartnett**, a Democrat who turned Republican to protest the McGovern nomination, is running against perennial liberal Democratic candidate **Pug Ravenal**. Ravenal has lost previously to Gov. **Jim Edwards** and Sen. **Strom Thurmond**.

■ Ingratitude, thy name is the Beer Drinkers Hall of Fame, which has withdrawn **Billy Carter**'s membership card and removed his picture from its Ruskin, Fla., El Rio Tavern Hdqs.

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HOW TO HELP PROTECT YOUR CHILD'S LIFE

CHILD RESTRAINT SYSTEMS IN CARS CAN LOWER THE RISK OF SERIOUS INJURY

The facts aren't pretty. Each year, more small children are killed in automobile accidents than in drownings, fires, or falls. And that's only part of the story. About 46,000 children under the age of five are injured in auto accidents every year. Experts estimate that the vast majority of these fatalities could have been prevented and most injuries reduced if Child Restraint Systems had been used. The tragedy is that less than 10% of all children in cars are properly restrained in child seats.

An unrestrained child is vulnerable in an auto accident. During its first few years, an infant is proportioned differently than an adult. That means small children are top-heavy—usually until the age of five.

If children aren't restrained during an accident, or even a sudden stop, they may tend to pitch forward, headfirst. Even in a minor collision a small child can be thrown against the car's interior, and serious injuries can occur.

Holding a child in your arms is not a substitute for a Child Restraint System. Some people think that by holding a child in a car they are protecting him or her. But safety experts disagree. In an accident, a child in a parent's arms can be crushed between the car's interior and the unrestrained parent. Even if the parent is wearing a seat belt, in a 30 mph collision a 10-pound child can exert a 300-pound force against the parent's grip. Chances are that even a strong adult won't be able to hold on to a child in such a situation.

Child Restraint Systems are an effective way to protect a child in a car.

General Motors makes two types of Child Restraint Systems: *The Infant Love Seat,* for infants up to 20 pounds; and *The Child Love Seat,* for children 20 to 40 pounds and up to 40 inches in height. They are available through any GM car or truck dealership and leading department and specialty stores. These have been designed by our safety engineers in consultation with pediatricians and medical experts. We believe they represent a significant development in child safety systems.

Ours aren't the only systems available. The important thing is to have a restraint system for your child and to use it correctly.

Here's what to look for when you buy a Child Restraint System: 1) For a child restraint, the seat should have a label certifying that it meets Federal Motor Vehicle Safety Standard #213. 2) An infant restraint should indicate on the label or in the literature that it has been dynamically tested. 3) Make sure that the seat is appropriately designed for your child's size and development. 4) For convenience and safety, the seat should attach easily but securely to your car, hold your child snugly, and be the one you're willing to use correctly. 5) It's a big help if the seat is easy to clean.

At General Motors, we're very concerned about safety. And we believe that every child has the right to the protection afforded by properly designed child seats and infant carriers. That's why we support efforts to enact reasonable mandatory child restraint laws.

Please make sure that when you have a child in the car, he or she is adequately protected. If you have a Child Restraint System, always use it. If you don't have child restraints, read your Owner's Manual and learn how the seat belts your car does have can be used to protect your child. And always remember to wear seat belts yourself. Because no matter how careful you may be, accidents can, and do, happen.

This advertisement is part of our continuing effort to give customers useful information about their cars and trucks and the company that builds them.

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People building transportation to serve people

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THE WEEK

■ According to our trusty calculator, the pains are coming harder and faster. Mr. Carter started by revitalizing the economy only every eight or nine months. Now he's revitalizing every three months. Predictably, the next revitalization will hit about mid-October, and it's going to be a doozy. You read it here first.

■ People's choice John Anderson has chosen Lucy something—hold it: that's Patrick Joseph *Lucey*—to sit a heartbeat away from the Oval Office. The former Wisconsin governor, a lifelong liberal, will give the ticket balance by being wrong on those issues on which Anderson contrives to be right. Lucey favors abortion (though not personally) and two of his brothers are Jesuits. He denies that he regards the nomination as a stepping-stone to American Express commercials, and thinks William Miller has cheapened the office of Former Vice Presidential Candidate. A millionaire and Peugeot driver, Lucey thinks he can help Anderson land the labor vote. A former ambassador to Mexico, he drew what the *New York Times* delicately calls a "mixed reaction" in that post: "He did not know Spanish, which served to isolate him from Mexicans who did not know English." (That'll do it.) Besides which, he was apparently not on speaking terms with many speakers of his native language. Anyway, Keke likes him.

■ While hidden videotape cameras rolled, Congressman Michael J. Myers (D., Pa.) conferred with the self-styled representative of a wealthy Arab sheik in a hotel room near New York's Kennedy Airport. The Congressman promised immigration assistance, pocketed an envelope stuffed with $50,000 in cash, and then presumably flew back to Washington to discharge the people's business. His defense? Guilty but with purest heart. Sure, he took the money (and even returned to ask for more), but don't you see, he never intended to provide the assistance promised! (Reminds one of the Tammany judge who claimed incorruptibility on the grounds that he always took bribes from both sides.) Moreover, the methods of the FBI constituted "entrapment." He was "tricked" by an FBI frontman into believing that all he'd have to do was "come on strong" with the Arab in order to get the payoff. The jury didn't follow his logic. Myers and three co-defendants were found guilty of bribery and conspiracy based on the jury's "common sense" and "God-given abilities." Hope the Appeals Court has same.

■ A new, 25 per cent tariff on light, fuel-efficient trucks has gone into effect and is expected to cut imports of the trucks, mainly from Japan, sharply. And everybody loses. The tariff doesn't even pretend to protect American automotive workers, since the Japanese pickups have no competition here—no comparable trucks are built here, or will be until 1982 at the earliest. Farmers, small businessmen, and other American consumers who need efficient trucks as tools of their trade can no longer afford them. The government itself, which has bought thousands of the pickups, now considers them too expensive. Result: higher costs, economic waste, and increased dependence on imported oil.

■ At celebrations marking the 11th anniversary of the coup that brought him to power, Libyan strongman Colonel Qaddafi announced the union of his country with Syria and threatened to take up his rifle and join the guerrillas in southern Lebanon if parliament did not approve the merger. In Damascus, Syrian President Hafez Assad happened to tune in on the broadcast (or so we are told), said to himself, What a good idea, picked up the phone, and told Qaddafi: We accept. (In fact, negotiations for the merger had been under way for some weeks.) Libya and Syria, while separated geographically by Egypt, Jordan, and Israel, are the most radical of the Arab states, the most dedicated to the destruction of the State of Israel. Both are in *mal odeur* with their immediate neighbors. Qaddafi aspires to take over Nasser's mantle as leader of the Arab world, but he lacks the clout, and the allies, and the temperament. Though his deserts bristle with Soviet military equipment, his recent military adventures in Chad, Uganda, and Tunisia have misfired. But he has oil dollars, 16 billion of them a year. Assad, with much of his army mired down in Lebanon and other frontline troops holding the line on the Golan Heights, can use any

The Rot Spreads

In Norway they're too timid
  To stockpile U.S. arms;
In Denmark, where they're welfare-poor,
  They'll make do with gendarmes.
France fears "the guns of August";
  The Germans act like moles,
And since we're fading fast as Spain,
  Let's hear it for the Poles.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Carter's White House is charged with an energy altogether missing these last four years. The staff is up and eager and happy to be doing what it does best—running a campaign. Unlike most of its predecessors, Carter's senior staff never completed the metamorphosis from campaign organization to governing council. In the customary pattern, it takes about two years before credentialed bureaucratic veterans displace loyal but unclubbable campaign aides. Some of the campaign people are simply incapable of making the transition; they slouch away muttering of sellouts. Others grab a shower and a shave and try to ingratiate themselves with the invading army of three-piece suits. A third group, by far the largest, leads a strange double life, posing as sober policy types during the day while keeping after-hours company with those who were "with us before New Hampshire."

The Carter White House is unique. The same inner-circle advisors who sat around the kitchen table in Plains are now sitting around the Oval Office—Jördan, Powell, Eizenstat. Everybody still has the same role, indeed the same permutational relationships to the others in the group. Everybody still pores over the same poll data. When a national malaise materializes, *ta-da*, the inner circle may draw up a few additional chairs—for the Hedley Donovans and the Lloyd Cutlers—but as soon as the table talk returns to serious business, to politics, the circle tightens and closes. Donovan slips back to New York, Cutler cultivates a fascination with amateur sports. At the senior level of the Carter Administration, only one newcomer has made a regular place for himself at the President's table. His name is Robert Strauss, his accent is Southern, and his specialty is politics.

■ Eugene McCarthy, the poet laureate of the Democratic Party, opined four years ago that Fritz Mondale "has the soul of a Vice President." McCarthy has now amended his classic line to note that the incumbent may also have the body of a Vice President. McCarthy confides that Mondale's medical form lists two health problems—hypertension and hernia. The right man for the job, in McCarthy's view.

■ Brace thyself. The bad stuff is accelerating and is expected to hit the fan next week. The surrogates will jet out across the country spreading the Carter campaign message (fear, followed by pain), the federal bartenders will be drawing one more for the road for every grantee in the house, and the Rafshoon commercials will be making their home-screen debut. We can do no more than repeat the sound advice offered by NASA when Skylab began its precipitous descent: Duck!

■ The *Washington Post* has been full of (we think) unintentional humor in recent weeks. In the comic-page slot usually reserved for Jack Anderson's column, the paper ran this note explaining why it had spiked Anderson's report of an October invasion of Iran. "Top civilian and military officials queried by the *Washington Post* have denied Anderson's assertions categorically." Or, as Woodward said to Bernstein, "Oh fudge, Carl, there goes our story. Ziegler just denied everything." Then there was this doubletaking headline on the Op-Ed page: "Defense Secretaries Shouldn't Play Politics." The story was by Melvin R. Laird.

■ We're waiting for the indigenous press corps to focus on the Real Question: Will Muskie be informed prior to the invasion of Iran?

■ Supply-siders are jubilant over what they regard as a major boost to their cause from Milton Friedman. Advocates of supply-side fiscalism have long contended that tax cuts would not only increase production and thus taxable revenues, but would also catalyze a shift of resources from tax shelters to profit-motivated investments. The media and most heavyweight economists have chosen to focus attention exclusively, and not always favorably, on the production incentives of the Laffer Curve. Now, in his *Newsweek* column, Friedman says that across-the-board tax cuts for individuals would bring the economy a "major windfall from the availability for productive use of the tens of thousands of highly skilled lawyers, accountants, and entrepreneurs now engaged in tax-avoidance activity, and of the billions of dollars of capital now being poured into ventures that would be unprofitable except for their use as tax shelters." In other words, tax cuts would generate incentives to increase income, to be sure; they would also diminish the incentive to hide income from the IRS. Friedman's support could be an important factor in the debate here. —CATO

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support he can get. The scenario might be more alarming to Israel and the moderate Arab states were it not for the recent history of Arab mergers. The first, in the Sixties, between Egypt and Syria (United Arab Republic) dissolved, possibly because the Syrians resented being called "Region Two" by the Egyptians. That was followed by a short-lived Syrian-Iraqi merger in the late Sixties, and by abortive Libyan-Egyptian and Libyan-Tunisian mergers in the Seventies.

■ American diplomats and media commentators have watched recent events in South Korea with suppressed hauteur. The rise to power of Major General Chun Doo-hwan by "undemocratic" means, plus his maintenance of martial law, has elicited a "toughly worded letter" from President Carter urging political liberalization. But Chun's motives may be better than our policy-makers believe. Chun was a respected soldier (he commanded a regiment of the Korean White Horse Division in Vietnam). For Chun, security, both internal and external, has priority over "liberalization." "If true democracy is to be rooted in this land," Chun said at his inaugural, "the political climate must first be improved. A climate fraught with agitation, irrationality, factionalism, intrigue, irregularities, and corruption . . . can scarcely nurture democracy." With Comrade Kim Il-sung in the North waiting for an opening to bring about the "historic mission" of the

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reunification of Korea, and with students at home inflamed by Western revolutionary rhetoric, Chun may yet prove to have his priorities straight.

■ Tennis. The U.S. Open, in fact. In the year 1925, Scott Fitzgerald wrote into *The Great Gatsby* a "valley of ashes," a "waste land" of grey men and landfill, over which Gatsby flies in his magical car. A central theme of that novel, however, was the transforming power of money and imagination. Jimmy Gatz becomes Jay Gatsby. "As we crossed Blackwell's Island a limousine passed us, driven by a white chauffeur, in which sat three modish negroes . . ." Money frees and transforms. As, indeed, it did to that valley of ashes. In 1939, the New York World's Fair arose, then another Fair during the 1960s. Then Shea Stadium, and then the National Tennis complex, with the Louis Armstrong Tennis Stadium, named after a black musician. Gatsby died in the fall, but the spirit of transformation he embodied lives. "The moon rose . . ."

■ The vile rumor circulated by the FBI that actress Jean Seberg was pregnant by an officer of the Black Panther Party appears to have been true. An FBI transcript of a wiretapped conversation, obtained under the Freedom of Information Act by Reed Irvine of Accuracy in Media, quotes Miss Seberg as saying as much to two members of the Party. If the FBI was justified in getting this information, it nonetheless acted foully in spreading it for the purpose of embarrassing her. That being said, the self-inflicted complications of Miss Seberg's life seem sufficient to explain the loss of her baby and her subsequent despondency. The FBI's contribution to her misery, though reprehensible, was probably marginal.

■ The Ethics and Public Policy Center (affiliated with Georgetown University) has published the text of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's 1978 Harvard Commencement speech, and has set it in perspective by appending some initial journalistic reactions and six scholarly reflections prepared for this edition. The six commentators, among them a devil's advocate or two, are Professor Ronald Berman of the University of California, Sidney Hook (formerly professor at NYU, now with the Hoover Institution), Professor Harold Berman (Harvard Law), Professor Richard Pipes (Harvard), Professor William McNeill (Chicago), and Michael Novak (American Enterprise Institute). The book (*Solzhenitsyn at Harvard*) runs 160 pages and is worth reading, and saving. (Ethics and Public Policy Center, 1211 Connecticut Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036; $9.50 cloth, $5 paperback.)

■ You'll be glad to know that the "Jesus Christ Loves You Service Station" in Kansas City is thriving. The Baptist group that runs it saves $300 a week on school-bus fuel wholesale, provides full service (e.g., cleaning windshields) at self-serve prices, and makes a healthy profit that helps finance a church school.

■ We hesitate to mention this lest the Evil Eye take notice, but (shhhh) the Nuclear Regulatory Commission has issued its first full-power license since Three Mile Island. The Virginia Electric and Power Company's North Anna-2 reactor will generate electricity equivalent to that provided by burning 700,000 barrels of oil each month. Shhh.

■ A group of Australian aborigines, fearing that, if an American oil company is allowed to drill on their land, the lizard god Goanna will be disturbed, have presented their case to the United Nations Human Rights Commission. The Yungnara tribe hold that if Goanna is offended, he will order the monitor lizards, the aborigines' staple, to stop mating, thus creating famine. That is what we call a crisis.

■ Wisconsin's reputation for exporting cheese will not suffer from the selection of Patrick Lucey as John Anderson's running-mate.

Campaign Starts

I. Reagan

It's time to stop worrying about Ronald Reagan. He has been on the national political scene since 1964, served eight years as governor of California, traveled thousands of miles, and written/spoken hundreds of thousands of words. He has read widely and attentively, and listened. He has evolved his own thoughts on any number of issues. It turns out that when you examine these thoughts they are often unconventional —and often correct.

Ronald Reagan, after all, is an adult. The idea that he now ought to be "controlled" by his "aides" or by some resurrected John Sears is patently absurd. Reagan should run, win or lose, as Reagan. He has in fact done so several times, and his track record happens to be excellent. Consider 1980. Reagan ran under wraps in Iowa. He ran as Reagan in New Hampshire.

On Reagan's alleged gaffes, let's—as Al Smith used to say—look at the record.

1. According to Senator Kennedy, Reagan can't tell the difference between Karl Marx and Teddy Roosevelt. Reagan thinks Marx originated the idea of a graduated income tax. Whatta laugh.

Well, Marx co-authored *The Communist Manifesto* (1848), which in the second of ten proposals calls for

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Queries

Hey Jimmy, what's Mugabe got
That Muzorewa's lacking?
How come you welcomed Deng & Co.
And sent the others packing?
What ever made you drop the Shah?
He used to be your buddy.
Is Arafat the next to be
Invited to your study?

W. H. VON DREELE

guess what as part of a calculated assault on private property. Reagan on this point was essentially correct, and Kennedy knows as much about all this as he knew about undergraduate Spanish.

2. On China, Reagan's verbal footwork could have been better, and he should not be conducting public seminars with George Bush. But, in essence, Reagan was saying a) that Soviet missiles and armored divisions are on China's border, not ours; b) that our treatment of Taiwan has been ignominious for *us*; and c) that Deng Xiaoping is not the American Secretary of State.

3. On Vietnam, Reagan usefully lanced the boil. If there is any guilt to be apportioned over that war it belongs not to those who fought in it but to all the merry men and women who helped to lose it.

4. Now, on Darwin. Just imagine, Reagan has some thoughts on the theory of natural selection. Just what other politicians do you think have any thoughts at all on this subject? Maybe Teddy? Mondale? Hugh Carey? Are you kidding? Reagan happens to think the "creationist" theory deserves some time, and if you think that's silly, try *God and the Astronomers* by Professor Robert Jastrow of NASA, Columbia, and Dartmouth.

No, Reagan is not a plastic candidate, not a managed candidate. His mind has an unfashionable and even home-made quality, he knows a lot more than people expect him to know, and he will win or lose as Ronald Reagan.

II. That 'Father' and 'Husband'

The glittering and optimistic slogans of 1976 have been folded and put away: "Why not the best?" and "A government as good, as honest, and as caring as the American people." Against Kennedy, Carter ran, somewhat leeringly, as a "father" and "husband"—deliberately focusing away from his own record as a politician and President. Against Reagan, Carter's all-but-articulated slogan turns out to be: "We're bad, but he's worse."

Beyond this negative campaign, Carter's effort will be nuts-and-boltsy, nothing grandiose. In New York State, for example, under the heading "bolts," there will be savage in-fighting led by Governor Carey to get the Liberal Party to endorse Carter instead of John Anderson. Likewise, under "nuts," the anti-abortion party is actually running its own candidate against Reagan. This kind of interstitial politics is one thing the Carter team has always been good at exploiting.

Count on Carter also to play all sorts of aces concealed in sleeves and cuffs. Carter is pushing billion-dollar increases in grain supports, we can expect him to move against imports in key industries, and he will use Fritz Mondale on his labor flank (Mondale not having been informed about any 1984 hanky-panky with Governor Hugh Carey, the price-tag for the Liberal Party nomination). Carter has already blown the cover on that "stealthy" plane, thus reducing whatever value it might eventually have as a weapon; he did his nuclear re-targeting number; and he may well pull something or other in Iran. In his first-term debut on the national scene, Carter has been born a third time as Tricky Jimmy.

III. Anderson

It would be good for Reagan if Anderson were a stronger contender. But, alas. Anderson's team has come up with a three-hundred-page platform; it has also chosen as its campaign song the World War I ditty, *"We're here because we're here."*

A Q&A for Our Time

The following exchange is excerpted from a London journalist's off-the-record interview of an American with long involvement in general affairs.

Q: Well, now it's Reagan *versus* Carter. Carter we know about. Reagan mystifies us. We on the other side wonder about his capabilities to formulate a foreign policy of the grand scope, for example, of Truman's Presidency. Does Reagan have the necessary knowledge and talents?

A: No.

Q: Yet you support him. Your answer astounds me.

A: Let me go on. Neither did Truman. He needed a lot of help. What he did have, among other things, was discernment as to who could help him. He gathered a formidable array of talents about him.

Q: But I gather from the American media that Mr. Reagan is indifferent to details. On being questioned on public matters, he often seems uninformed. He does not come across very well on the large aspects of world affairs. Am I right?

A: Be wary about the media. In Truman's time the press wrote down the President as superficial and uninformed. They didn't know. Those with inside fa-

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miliarity used to mark his diligence and thoroughness —regularly reading through policy papers and making marginal comments on them. Yet he did not get enmeshed in details. Dean Acheson, looking back, used to remark on Mr. Truman's ability to tell what was the presidential level and not to waste time and energy on things below it. Acheson also remarked on Truman's willingness to acknowledge when he did not know. He was not abashed to confess ignorance. A sign of inward security. Also, Truman—I take Acheson's view here—never gummed up his mind with substitutes for thought like "world opinion" or "the judgment of history." You always knew what he was talking about. A lot of the grand ideas in foreign policy consist of clichés.

Q: You think then that Reagan can do better than Carter in getting his act together?

A: You are wrong about Carter. To an exceptional degree he has projected his character and preconceptions onto the departments and agencies. He has got his act together. This is his act you have been witnessing—Carter at his utmost.

Q: Do you believe he listens to too many people?

A: No. Too many listen to him.

Q: But back to Reagan—do you believe he can staff the government with first-rate people?

A: We can hope. But don't exaggerate. An ascent to second-rateness would be a considerable achievement. That is far beyond Carter.

Putting Business on the Dole

Just a couple of weeks ago candidate Jimmy Carter told a national TV audience that the Kemp-Roth-Reagan $30-billion tax cut would cause "fierce inflation." Now candidate Carter has served up a $27.6-billion tax cut under his own name which, he says, is "anti-inflationary." The entire economics profession is marveling at the new achievements of fine-tuning: the difference between "fierce inflation" and "anti-inflation" has been reduced to $2.4 billion in tax cuts—about what the Federal Government spends in one day.

Commentators are astonished, too, that a business-baiting President has reserved 55 per cent of the tax cut for business. The front page of the *Wall Street Journal* proclaims that Carter's proposal "differs sharply from traditional Democratic cures. Instead of big spending programs to create jobs, the program focuses on tax cuts." But a closer look shows that what Carter has really proposed is an extension of welfare handouts to business.

Some years ago congressional Democrats decided that tax cuts were unfair to those people who didn't pay taxes. They invented a new kind of tax cut in order to include non-taxpayers. Called an "earned income credit," it is a handout non-taxpayers can collect by filing an income tax return. It provided a clever way of expanding the dole under the guise of cutting taxes. Now Carter is applying the welfare concept of tax cuts to business by making the investment tax credit "refundable." Under his proposal, firms that lose instead of making money can draw cash payments from the Treasury. According to Carter, subsidizing money-losing businesses is the way to "make careful investments in American productivity."

If the President's reasoning escapes you, never mind. What is really going on is entirely different. For years the Kennedy liberals have been wanting to make the child-care credit refundable. Credits, they claim, are unfair to people who don't owe taxes and, thereby, have no tax liability against which to apply the credit. Making it refundable lets them draw it out in cash, even as the earned-income credit lets non-taxpayers benefit from tax cuts. The child-care credit is sizable —$2,000 if one parent works, $4,000 if both work— and making it refundable is a big step forward for the federal welfare system.

The liberals have decided that the way to ease in refundable child-care credits is to make the investment tax credit refundable. Once the auto- and steelmakers have the goody, how can it be denied to the poor? That's why Teddy is in favor of welfare handouts to big business.

The other major innovation in the President's proposal (roughly half of his "tax cut") is an assault on the integrity of the Social Security system. High spenders have long wanted to fund the system, which is regarded by most people as a contributory pension system, out of general revenue funds. That would make it more of a welfare system. That way you could impose a means test and deny benefits to people with above-average incomes. That lets the liberals turn a retirement system into an income redistribution system.

Clark, *Punch* Rothco

"How patronizing do you like your equality?"

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With that goal in mind, you take the first steps forward by offsetting, out of general revenues, the scheduled rises in the Social Security tax. Now you understand the logic behind letting the scheduled increases in the Social Security tax go into effect, and then offsetting them with an income tax credit. If the President's advisors judge the Social Security tax increase to be a problem for the economy, the simple thing to do would be to propose delaying or repealing the scheduled increases. But that wouldn't let you mix Social Security and general revenues.

Carter's tax program bears no relationship to what supply-siders mean by tax cuts. Far from providing production incentives, the President is proposing to expand the welfare state. Yep, we've noticed too. The closer we get to 1984, the more Orwellian life looks.

Socialism v. the Proletariat

The human race is notoriously practical, and has shown its capacity for survival in Utopia. The Polish settlement, under which the workers will get unions of their own, represents a new triumph of that spirit, at once heroic and cunning, by which ordinary people baffle oppression. The Poles did it—continue to do it—without directly challenging Communism.

Even so, the meaning is lost on nobody. As a former State Department official put it, the workers' action has given the world the "most striking symbol of the illegitimacy of proletarian government." Indeed, it now transpires that the proletarians who caused all the trouble are, in the words of *Pravda*, "antisocialist elements."

The strike has given the lie to Communist claims to represent the masses. The only news there is that the workers had the courage to say the obvious. What makes the situation interesting, possibly dangerous, is that the Polish regime, in accepting the demand for free unions, has agreed to *institutionalize* the denial of the great Communist lie. Can Moscow live with that? If so, the settlement may prove the most portentous event in the Soviet bloc since Yugoslavia pulled out.

Meanwhile, in England, the Trades Union Congress covered itself with something other than glory when its general secretary, Lionel Murray, declined to endorse the Polish workers' cause, beyond a vague statement saying he and his colleagues are "naturally sympathetic to wishes and attempts by working people in any country who are trying to establish their own democratic trade union centers." He also refused to cancel a scheduled visit by a six-man TUC delegation to Poland, to be guests of the official Central Council of Polish Trade Unions. To their credit, some TUC members were outraged. "On no account would I take part in a delegation which tends to legitimize these repressive regimes," said Frank Chapple of the Electricians Union, adding: "The majority of British trade union leaders support my view but they are afraid to be counted because of Communists in key positions in their unions." Well then, they don't support it, do they?

Another Star over China?

The State Department's 1949 white paper on the U.S. decision to stand aloof from China's civil war expressed, with respect to the Communist advent on the Mainland, a hope for an eventual reassertion of the Chinese people's latent preference for democratic and individual values in opposition to totalitarian despotism. Skeptical sinologists, observing the impossibility of translating the pertinent abstractions into Chinese, dismissed the thought as an American exercise in self-projection. Yet now again, 31 years later, similar abstract terms are being applied to institutional shakedowns and other political transformations taking place in China. Whether the events now happening there reflect values similar to those of the Western traditions or grow out of considerations esoteric to China is a question beyond ready answer. Whatever their genesis, the changes do appear to be tremendously important. The thrust is toward juvenation—led by a 76-year-old Deputy Prime Minister, Deng Xiaoping. A companion watchword is decentralization, with Deng using his vast centralized authority to whip the process along. Whatever the momentum toward freedom, the regime has abolished poster walls so as to discourage argument about the new course. The official line stresses abolition of unemployment, crime, discontent, and other such social evils long since reportedly eliminated under the once revered and now more or less discredited and unmourned Mao Tse-tung.

The triggering circumstances—one can say this with a degree of certainty—include general recognition of the irrelevance of the late Mao's bromides, so recently propagated as the supreme philosophy, for guiding China's institutional and economic development. Memory of him is being minimized though not erased. The once proliferating pictures of him have come down in large numbers, but not entirely. No longer classed as supreme among immortals, he is officially reduced to being fallible. Old enemies of his have been restored to respectability. Mao's offenses are attributed to the bad company he kept—specifically the so-called Gang of Four, emphatically inclusive of his now jailed widow, Chiang Ching. In a recent interview by Oriana Fallaci, Deng described Mao's relict as "so evil that any evil thing you say about her isn't evil enough" and gave her a virtue rating of "a thousand below

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zero." Obliteration of Mao may soon follow. Reportedly, many Chinese now extend five fingers at mention of the now despised Gang of Four.

The Mao demotion symbolizes changes of deep character and sweeping scope—to judge by exterior signs. "The test is now whether it works": so the *New York Times* quotes a Chinese identified as "one of the new breed." He adds, "We couldn't care less about ideology." The news items from China are replete with phrases about restructuring authority, encouraging individual initiative, modernizing, promoting consumer production, and giving rein to private banking for profit—all of them heady ideas. The degree to which they are being nurtured in foreign correspondents' heads as distinguished from Chinese heads is a matter for conjecture. But China does appear to have turned in a new direction. Professor Chalmers has aptly termed the change "the Great Leap Westward." The causes are multiple—including, not least, China's growing fear of the menace posed by the Soviet Union's military aggrandizement.

Selective Disservice

Most young men don't want to get shot. Many who are now eligible for the draft under the new program come from social backgrounds that used to guarantee exemption. And there are those, more elderly, who fortify these natural reservations with more resounding principles.

To be sure, Ronald Reagan and most libertarians oppose the new program. What is disturbing about the preponderance of the protestors, however, is their evident sense that at this juncture in history there is nothing honorable about serving the nation militarily, no obligation of loyalty to make competing claims against those of personal freedom.

There is, of course, another strain. Interviewed on television, the Reverend Barry Lynn, of the Committee against Registration and the Draft, said he opposed the program because, inter alia, it may be used to support an "interventionist" foreign policy. He has, apparently, no great objection to the draft per se; no sense that it was iniquitous in the great war against fascism; only an opposition to the purposes to which it may be put next time. Those who don't share the Reverend Lynn's policy predilections, then, can disregard the bulk of his arguments.

"Nature teaches beasts to know their friends," says the poet; and it is entirely predictable that the whole hive of leftist organizations will come a-buzzing at every attempt to fortify the nation against the encroachments of the socialist bloc. Which casts more light on the rhetoric of personal freedom and privacy.

Meanwhile, most of the nation's eligible youths seem to be cooperating with the program without qualms. It would appear that in the global aftermath of our attempt to "give peace a chance," they, and their parents, are refusing to draw the prescribed liberal conclusions about the "lessons of Vietnam." They sense that next time around, losing a war won't be an option.

Blue Water, Mobility, And Technology

Any reference to Senator Gary Hart of Colorado seems to be incomplete without the accompanying observation that he was George McGovern's 1972 campaign manager; which is a pity, since Senator Hart for the last six years has been doing some of the best thinking around on the military aspects of national survival.

In a recent major speech on the 1981 Defense Authorization bill, Senator Hart, a major force on the Senate Armed Services Committee, supported higher levels of military spending, but also pursued the qualitative approach he has long been urging. He pointed out that the last annual report of the Secretary of Defense addressed itself to strategic analysis only at the nuclear level. Senator Hart believes that we must address ourselves to the probabilities at the—much more likely—conventional level.

He observes that U.S. conventional warfare strategy appears to count on winning by means of a men-matériel-firepower strategy, okay against outnumbered Japanese and Germans, but much less plausible against potential enemies on the Euro-Asiatic land mass. He urges, as he has long been urging, a fresh look at our conventional-warfare requirements based upon our geography and our capabilities. He concludes that we should stress naval power, technological innovation, and a strategy of maneuver and surprise.

"By geography, the United States is an island. The important resources on which our economy depends come by sea. Although the security of Europe is im-

Doing It with Mirrors

One stealth plane's flying; maybe two.
The concept could become a coup
If Jimmy had a fleet to fly
Today, and not just by-and-by.
In '45, Luftwaffe jets
Arrived too late for changing bets,
Nor can one swallow signal spring
Or single stealth planes, anything.

W. H. VON DREELE

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portant to us, our vital interests are scattered throughout the world." Senator Hart also observes, and very much to the point, that the ability of the Soviet Union to project its political power overseas depends absolutely upon its naval capability. If the U.S. possessed naval superiority—a superiority consistent with its "island" geography—the overseas political capability of the Soviet Union would be severely inhibited.

Senator Hart also argues that our conventional-warfare strategy should stress rapid technological change —not necessarily "fancy" technology, but a technology that would continually render obsolete long-term Soviet military planning—and a ground-air strategy that stresses unit cohesion, high levels of training, and rapid mobility.

Senator Hart's particular proposals are of course matter for debate; but his overall point is clearly valid. Defense policy is not so esoteric that it can't be the subject of intelligent discussion.

Small Earthquake At Dartmouth

In a recent trustee election at Dartmouth College, an insurgent conservative candidate defeated the official nominee, an event unprecedented historically at Dartmouth, and which may have significance extending far beyond this New England Ivy League campus.

The circumstances were these. To fill a vacant spot on the board, the Alumni Council duly nominated its candidate. However, a body of "concerned alumni" nominated by petition Dr. John Steel of La Jolla, California, who ran as a conservative and traditionalist.

The "concerned alumni" had assorted concerns. In recent years, as they saw it, Dartmouth had done a number of things that were both anti-traditional and questionable on their merits: dropped the traditional Indian symbol as allegedly racist; covered over a large mural supposed to be offensive to Indians; altered or dropped the words of traditional songs; instituted numerous programs and courses responsive to the demands of "minority" groups and militant women; stressed minority symbolism in honorary degrees; and other Sixties stuff—all of this, as these alumni saw it, detrimental to Dartmouth's identity and, often, to central educational concerns.

The conservative candidate, Dr. Steel, won the election by, roughly, seven thousand to five thousand. After some backing and filling, based on alleged irregularities, Steel was seated by a vote of the other trustees. The whole thing generated a feature story in the *New York Times*.

Meanwhile, a group of politically independent and conservative students on campus have undertaken to publish a new weekly paper called the *Dartmouth Review*, the first issue of which proved popular. In a case which may go into history as *Dartmouth College* v. *the First Amendment*, the college is threatening a law suit to prevent this student venture from using the name "Dartmouth" in its title.

As is widely appreciated, liberalism has enjoyed a hegemony on the campus—perhaps especially on the elite campus—at least since New Deal days. The struggle against that hegemony has now been going on for a long time, one of the early skirmishes having been the controversy surrounding *God and Man at Yale* (1951). Opinion in and around the academy doubtless both reflects and helps to create opinion outside it. Liberal ideas are now in severe disarray and retreat, and Steel's election may reflect that circumstance as it exists broadly in the nation. But his election also may signal a shift in the atmosphere in those elite institutions which have long been bastions of liberal orthodoxy.

Notes & Asides

■ TO: WFB Jr.
RE: Yours of July 3

How perfectly, perfectly apropos
That with nary a course to alter
You sailed from the Vassar imbroglio
To the gibbering apes at Gibraltar!

Francis A. O'Connell
Aptos, California

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Hello. My name is Matthew Wilder. I am 12 years old, and in a few days I will be 13. I hesitate writing you, because in your book *Execution Eve* I read how you thought a kid of *14* should be eating popsicles instead of rushing in where grownups fear to tread. But anyway, to the point.

I guess I am what you call a liberal. Originally, since I write film criticism, I only read your magazine for the dubious writing of John Simon. However, now I think that other parts of your magazine are worth looking at too. As Annie Hall said of NATIONAL REVIEW in that particular film, it's good to get all points of view.

I became more and more interested in your magazine. Since I and my friend at school, John Lillig, had momentarily put together a school magazine, I found

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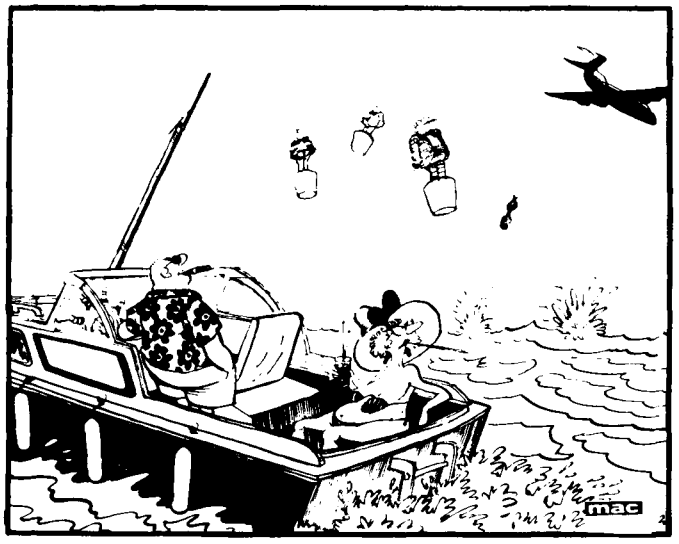

Mac, *London Daily Mail* Rothco

"It must be the leaders of the 'Dump Carter' campaign."

the splashy layout style of your magazine inviting. You're drawn through the pages. Even when the writing style is drily constipated and statistical.

I have followed your magazine in my library's back issues to some summer 1978 issues. In one of them, the cover story of which was about Carter's Southern strategy, had a racist cartoon in it which showed a black woman applying for a school. It was one of the only times a black was shown in any illustration in your magazine, even in the "Help" section, and the woman was drawn as an odd, gargoylic creature. It was nauseating. Also, I read in your book *Execution Eve* that you opposed the aid programme for the handicapped because, aww, too bad, we don't have enough money. You also had the audacity to take the late, great Hubert Humphrey's moving, heartfelt statement about his retarded grandson, and turn it into what looked like a dishonest, showmanish display of schmaltzy shysterism. But, I think, NATIONAL REVIEW is at least worth reading regularly. Even for people who don't know Latin, like me.

But here is a story you may find of some interest. Since all my public school teachers wouldn't let me go to public school any longer (since the work, they said, wasn't challenging enough), I had to go to some private school. We decided on a Montessori school in our general area. My teacher was Paul Biwer, intelligent, nice, but I must say, something of an intellectual showoff. In our literature group, I was discussing your book *A Hymnal*, and I said that I thought it was surprising that you supported the Panama Canal Treaty, and actually (Heaven forbid) debated Ronald Reagan about it. But, the school showoff liberal, Mister Biwer, finger-waggingly corrected me on the difference between a reactionary and a conservative. After our discussion, he told me about how in a column you'd written, you'd actually supported John Anderson (J. Lillig and I campaigned for him). That surprised me. And I was beginning to distrust his authority on matters of your writing. But, for the time being, I believed him.

But.

When you appeared on *The Dick Cavett Show*, you, looking as if you'd been jogging, clutched the inevitable copy of NATIONAL REVIEW (featuring Brookhiser's Reagan piece "Where's the Rest of Him?" as a cover story) and told us in no sorrowful terms that voilà, here's our next President. I was angered. At you and he. One, how could PB be so sloth about important matters and so snobbish to the newspaper your column was printed in. Secondly, how could you go for Reagan's easy solutions? However, trying to change your mind is, I'm sure, like killing Rasputin with a squirt gun.

And PB's flashy liberalism went on (oh, I'm not flashy, mind you). As I was thanking him for a book of Bruno Bettelheim essays he gave me, he gave me a long lecture on the plentiful racism of E. Hanrahan (you know E. Hanrahan, Mister Buckley).

If you would be so kind, please respond to he and I. His address is . . .

My address is enclosed. Thanks again,

Matthew Wilder
610 Millers Road
Des Plaines, Ill.

Dear Matthew: It isn't clear what I am supposed to say to PB. He is correct about Anderson only on the point that I agree there should be a fifty-cent tax on a gallon of gasoline. Or, rather, Anderson agrees with me, since I said it first. Better, I agree with Andrew Tobias, who said it first. Now get this, Matthew, when Reagan is elected, I intend to recommend you for Secretary of Education, and *I* don't think that's a simplistic solution. There is only one thing: you must, between now and January, learn to use the objective pronoun when called for. I am confident the Republic will benefit from your tenure of office, and I shall recommend as a perquisite, one popsicle per day. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

The holy nuns advise you that your new dyed hair is most unbecoming and does nothing to improve your image. Think of how dreadful Governor Carey, Muskie, and Nixon looked with dyed hair—and revert back to your distinguished grey. Whom do you fool but yourself? Be thankful you have hair at all. Vanity is downfall. The holy nuns will pray for you at all masses & novenas.

Sister Veronica McRooney
OHC BVM Mary Reparatrix
St. Patrick's Cathedral
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sister Veronica: I don't even have *old* dyed hair, let alone *new* dyed hair. On the other hand, I have loads of vanity, so keep up the prayers. Love, Bill

—WFB

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Fact:

Freight railroads save highways, tax dollars and energy by piggybacking truck trailers.

Mile for mile and pound for pound, today's freight railroads are up to four times more fuel-efficient than big trucks. Shippers recognize this advantage. That's why piggybacking truck trailers and containers is the fastest-growing segment of the rail freight business.

But there's another consideration. While every wage-earner and manufacturer in America subsidizes our public highway system, trucks are destroying that vital system at an alarming rate.

Congress' watchdog, the General Accounting Office, said in a blistering July 1979 report: "Excessive truck weight is a major cause of highway damage. The rate of highway deterioration will slow down if excessively heavy trucks are kept off the highways... A five-axle tractor-trailer loaded to the current 80,000 pound federal weight limit... has the same impact on an interstate highway as at least 9,600 automobiles."

It is ironic that the American public is subsidizing the destruction of its own highways. It is also unnecessary, because a logical alternative already exists. This is the vast, fuel-efficient steel network that links every part of America: our modern freight railroads.

Railroads handle more than a third of the nation's inter-city freight and have the capacity to handle even more. Today, escalating highway repair costs and dwindling oil supplies make America's freight railroads more vital than ever.

For more information, write: Alternative Dept. V, Association of American Railroads, American Railroads Building, Washington, DC 20036.

Surprise:

America's freight railroads carried more than 3,000,000 piggyback truckloads last year —and never left a pothole.

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The Current WISDOM

The First Hundred Days

NEAL B. FREEMAN

GENERAL Tooey Spaatz is best remembered at the Pentagon for two things. The first is his name. It is said that during his long career he was never confused with another Tooey Spaatz. The second is the set of rules he laid down for Air Force officers testifying before congressional committees. After years of refining them, General Spaatz gave his boys these simple, practical instructions: 1) Don't try to be funny. 2) Don't lie. 3) Don't blurt out the truth.

Tooey would have made a helluva campaign manager. A columnist observing the current campaign thinks wistfully of the possibilities: suppose, just suppose, that the Republican candidate in each of his meetings with the press had observed not one, not two, but all three of Tooey's rules? If he had done so, Dr. Gallup and Dr. Harris would be meeting under the Central Park aqueduct at midnight, making furtive arrangements to restore their reputations for psephological probity. The race would be over, with Carter and Anderson fighting for last.

Recent campaign developments suggest otherwise, however. They suggest the possibility—*the possibility*—that our long national nightmare may not be ended on November 4. It may on that account be useful, even therapeutic, to look across the valley of the autumn to the hilltop of the winter and contemplate the shape of a Ronald Reagan Administration.

Even his critics agree that Reagan has the ability to select outstanding subordinates and the strength of personality to give them broad discretionary powers. We can expect with confidence that a Reagan Cabinet would be exceptional, led by such men as George Shultz (probably at State, the only portfolio he would accept), Paul Nitze (Defense, an appointment long overdue), Donald Rumsfeld (at Treasury, for both personal and political reasons), William Simon (World Bank, a turnaround situation), and William Casey (CIA, likewise). Perhaps the most exceptional appointments, however, would turn out to be the "unknown" members of the Cabinet, men and women plucked from the business and academic worlds for temporary duty in Washington. Reagan's California record in this regard is unassailably impressive.

In terms of government operation, several important consequences would flow from such a personnel strategy. First, with strong leadership at the department level, the vise-grip of the White House staff on policy development would be loosened if not broken. Meanwhile—the other side of the coin—we would not be shocked to see Cabinet secretaries establish offices in the Executive Office Building next to the White House. And there would be more than symbolism involved in the move: the secretaries would be working for the White House, not for the departmental bureaucracy they "represent."

Second, with the establishment of Cabinet government, or something resembling it, there would follow a proliferation of contact points with the policy-making process. If the White House staff slams the door, there would be an appellate mechanism at the department level. The President and his senior staff would then be obliged to arbitrate the disputes. Cabinet meetings would thus become decision-making sessions rather than photo opportunities (in the Nixon mode) or discussion groups (in the Carter mode).

Along with the organizational changes in the Executive branch, a new Reagan Administration would try to change the mind-set of top-level bureaucrats. One can imagine a freshly inaugurated Reagan announcing to the Senior Executive Service a first-year goal of 10 per cent reduction in all federal employment. One can just as easily imagine first-year reviews in the media dwelling on the fact that Reagan, for all his bluster, had come up short. What those reviews would have missed—and in fact what all the critiques of Reagan's years in Sacramento have missed—is the change in mind-set. To persuade a bureaucrat even to think in terms of force reduction, rather than of irresistible growth, is an heroic management achievement. Reagan's amiable personality would help to lubricate the organizational gear-shifts. Unlike Carter, he is not stubborn, he is not stand-offish. While playing the political game may not be his favorite pastime, Reagan demonstrated in California that when he had to do business with the local Tip O'Neills he could do it effectively.

The same degree of specificity would distinguish a first-hundred-days call for budget cuts. We can hear it now. Eliminate Amtrak. Close the spigots at the National Endowments. Repeal Davis-Bacon. *Cut back the school lunch program!* The media would gasp, the Hill barons would do a slow burn, and the bureaucrats would say, "No way, boss. Can't be done." Again, those year-end media reviews might turn in poor grades, but they would have missed the point that, superb communicator that he is, Reagan had fundamentally altered their perception of political success.

PERHAPS THE boldest stroke of them all would be General Reagan's Inchon Landing on Capitol Hill. Reagan would open an office on the Hill and begin courting congressional allies in both parties. Congressional figures would be recruited for the Cabinet, Democrats among them. Others would serve as whips building bipartisan coalitions around clusters of social, economic, and international issues. Reagan would try to break through the institutionalized hostility that now controls the Executive-Legislative relationship and make common cause against the forces of fragmentation—the special-interest lobbies, the single-issue groups, the innumerable "communities." Responding to a recognizably patriotic impulse, he would attempt to create an environment in which a sense of renewed national purpose could take root.

What do you say, gang. Let's win this one for the Spaatzer. □

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The Polish Dilemma

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

POLAND PRESENTS; in a specially complex and anguishing form, a cruel and *dual* dilemma. A dilemma for Moscow: to crush or not to crush. A dilemma for the West: to aid or not to aid.

Soviet Communism is an alien imposition everywhere in Eastern Europe, but more in Poland than, say, in Bulgaria, and for that matter more in Poland than in Russia itself. A people so overwhelmingly Catholic is obstinately anti-Communist, to the extent that a show of faith is itself a form of resistance, as was shown so dramatically by last year's papal visit.

Moreover, here is a people that knows about Communism from relentless proximity. In general (are there any exceptions?) Polish Catholics do not appear to fall for the sophistries of the "Christian Marxist" approach to which, for instance, some bishops and many priests in distant Brazil seem so astonishingly prone.

The latest wave of disturbances in Poland is the second in two years and the fourth in a decade. It has not, as of this writing, taken as violent a form as the unrest of 1976 or of 1970-71. But a wave of strikes that goes on for weeks and virtually without arrests and repression is an unusual phenomenon for a Communist country.

Gierek to Brezhnev

Marxist-Leninist orthodoxy rules out strikes as logically absurd, since the workers are held to own their places of employment and "workers cannot strike against themselves." In such a society the role of the "trade union" is to serve the repressive functions of the State and Party bureaucracy. Yet here are strikes that are recognized to be strikes, about economic conditions—such as sharp price inflation and food shortages—which in theory blight only capitalist societies. No wonder Edward Gierek, the boss of the ruling Polish United Workers' Party, felt the need to go and see Leonid Brezhnev on a Crimean beach.

One of the more sordid absurdities of the despicable Sonnenfeldt Doctrine adopted in 1975 was the assumption that the United States (or any other outside power) could persuade the Soviet Union to soften its imperial rule to the extent of making it more acceptable to the oppressed. This, presumably, was going to make Eastern Europe rather less dangerous for "world peace" (i.e., less likely to embroil the U.S. and others on the outside in quarrels substantially beyond their spheres of interest), and also, if successful, reduce the burden on Western consciences.

That is not quite the way it has been working out. The ruling party, in Poland perhaps more than elsewhere, has become an uninspired and uninspiring bureaucracy, bogged down in its own inefficiency, corrupt and void of prestige. There seems to be little discernible public support for Gierek. The intellectuals, sensing public apathy, have been increasingly bold in contesting the Party's policies; and the Church, greatly boosted by the election of a Polish Pope, is giving leadership beyond the realm of morality and the spirit.

Gierek belongs to a rising species: the technocratic Communist. Just let us run the place, he said in effect, and we'll stop ramming ideology down your throats. The trouble was that he didn't run the place particularly well. Lacking the rather remarkable skill of Janos Kadar in neighboring Hungary, he has managed to botch his self-restricted assignment and lose all popular support.

In December 1970, the Gomulka government announced steep price rises in a wide range of products, especially foodstuffs. It took some kind of genius in crassness to have made the announcement just before Christmas. Meeting workers' protest marches with force, Gomulka was ousted as Party boss. His successor, Edward Gierek, dithered at first, sticking to the price hikes, then cutting prices down again and promising cheap and stable food. His constitutional changes in 1974-75 were essentially window-dressing. The amended constitution spelled out what everybody knew all along: that the Polish United Workers' Party was the "leading force in the Republic," and the basis of its foreign policy was the "unshakable fraternal bond with the Soviet Union."

In 1975, several groups of intellectuals (the groups of 59, 14, and 101: the Poles have a habit of identifying manifestos by the number of signatories) declared the changes incompatible with the Helsinki agreements, and called for civil liberties. Cardinal Wyszynski joined in the protests. Not knowing quite what to do, the government made various verbal concessions to the protestors. It was, at any rate, better than locking them up in mental institutions. The next year—1976—popular anger exploded again after savage new price rises.

There seems no easy way out of the country's economic difficulties. It goes against the grain (the pun is unintentional) for a Communist government to allow investment to go to private-sector agriculture; so food output has actually been declining. For the rest, the Party turns to the USSR (which has problems of its own), and to the West. The German banks, in particular, have been pumping loans into the Polish economy, but in mid-August, shortly before Gierek was due to meet Chancellor Schmidt in Hamburg, the German banking consortium announced that all it could spare was $670 million, instead of the $834 million Gierek had hoped for.

The Dual Dilemma

Back to the dual dilemma. The Russians could send in the tanks, but do they really want another dose of Western outrage just when the first wave of apathy over Afghanistan is building up nicely? The Party bosses in Poland know they can't abandon the dogma, even though nobody really believes in it.

As for the West's half of the dilemma, there is, to my mind, a difference between helping the Soviet Union's colonies and helping the imperial power itself, even though Western aid to Poland indirectly relieves the Soviet economy. But unless and until the West is ready to face up to the consequences of a general upheaval throughout the Soviet empire, it should perhaps help to keep the pressure low in restless places rather than invite fresh Soviet brutality. This argument will not necessarily be valid for ever and ever. □

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A STRATEGY

Prosperity without Inflation

ALAN REYNOLDS

An appropriate set of fiscal and monetary policies would not gyrate between using inflation to cure unemployment and using unemployment to cure inflation. Instead, we need a stable framework conducive to growth, and a dollar of relatively predictable value.

Inflation is simply a growth rate of total spending (nominal GNP) that exceeds the growth of production (real GNP). The objective of fiscal and monetary policies must be to limit the growth of spending while encouraging the growth of production. On the demand side, this means a tight lid on the growth of new money; on the supply side, substantial relief from taxes and regulations to provide incentives for productive effort and investment.

The size of the budget deficit, within reasonable limits, is not critical. If the government borrows more and taxes less, that has little direct effect on the total amount of money spent in a month or year. At most, there is a minor and temporary effect on the pace at which people spend their money, due to the effect of Treasury borrowing in raising interest rates.

The Fed and the Debt

Of course, if the Federal Reserve buys a lot of the added debt, paying for it by increasing bank reserves and money, that fuels more spending and inflation. But the Fed need not monetize the debt, and does not need new deficits to do so. Other countries with relatively larger budget deficits (Germany, Canada, Japan) have nonetheless kept a tighter rein on monetary expansion.

Instead of using a balanced budget to help fight inflation, the present Administration is counting on inflation to balance the budget. That is a curious set of priorities. Budget projections are for nominal GNP growth of over 10 per cent in 1981 and 12.3 per cent in 1982-1984. We cannot possibly increase real output at a 10 to 12 per cent annual rate in those years, even with supply-oriented policies, so the Administration's budget plans assume and rely on capitulation to inflation.

If federal taxes in fiscal 1981 claimed the same share of GNP as in 1976, revenues would be $82 billion lower. The economy is in no shape to handle this massive tax increase. There is no surer way to run a budget deficit than to throw the economy into recession, and no surer way of aggravating recession than to increase tax rates.

Fiscal policy is not just a matter of the projected size of deficits, under static assumptions that tax rates do not affect behavior. The structure of taxes, the sources and uses of tax revenues, is at least as important. The tax system combined with inflation levies rising marginal tax rates on higher earnings gained by increased production. Cutting marginal rates by, say, 30 per cent involves a much smaller cut in average rates, and a real probability of an increased tax base. Tax cuts do not have to be 100 per cent self-financing to be worthwhile.

Inflation also results in the massive over-taxation of paper profits, illusory capital gains, and unreal income from interest earnings. Some observers have therefore focused on tax relief for saving and investing; others emphasize personal effort, risk, and entrepreneurship. Both are correct: capital and labor are suffocating under demoralizing tax burdens. It is not certain that corporate taxes fall only on capital, and it *is* certain that individual income taxes fall on small business as well as on the rewards for personal saving and investing. Both taxes need to be indexed, and also reduced to repair the damage from not indexing sooner.

As Professor Martin Feldstein recently emphasized, supply-side measures alone can't raise production enough to keep up with a 10 to 12 per cent annual increase in demand. And an unexpected decline in demand does disappoint those who planned on more inflation, thus requiring a period of adjustment, recontracting, and layoffs (as unit labor costs rise faster than prices). However, less employment and production doesn't actually help cure inflation. A 10 per cent increase in nominal GNP with even a 3 per cent rise in real GNP would result in less inflation than an 8 per cent rise in spending along with falling output.

The issue is not just a matter of increasing overall productivity, much less the productivity of labor alone. Proper supply-side policies would not only increase the productivity of existing labor, capital, and natural resources, but also entice added supplies of those resources into the market. Wealth tied up in hoards of gold, for example, would move into financing new ventures; labor inefficiently used in household, barter, or underground activity would be drawn into marketable and taxable production. The result is not just an increase in output per unit of input, though that is desirable, but, more importantly, an increase in the quantity and quality of labor and capital.

Why Tax Relief?

The purpose of tax relief is not to stimulate spending, nor could it do so without a sloppy monetary policy. The purpose is not to combat recession, though it could help if enacted promptly. The purpose is instead to revive incentives and rebuild productive capacity—a fundamental structural reform. If combined with a sustained and credible limit on money creation, constructive tax and regulatory policies could set the stage for a durable expansion. Keeping inflation down and the dollar strong would also prevent surplus dollars from being used to bid up the dollar price of OPEC oil, and the stability and growth of dollar-denominated assets would reduce OPEC's incentive to hoard oil as a hedge for them against American inflation.

If federal spending and the deficit can be held down, that would be better still, assuring that lendable funds are channeled into more productive purposes. But we need not sit back and wait for some miraculous slash in federal spending before doing anything useful, nor are we at the mercy of blind forces. It is time to be bold because "more of the same" is intolerable. □

Mr. Reynolds is vice president of the First National Bank of Chicago.

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Here it is - The Buckley Roast!

(The hard-to-find tape recording that has become a big conservative hit!)

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Yes, now you can get your own copy of the sensational tape that makes conservatives (and selected liberals) howl with laughter. When, some time back, Young Americans for Freedom decided to give Bill Buckley a "celebrity roast," the results were surprising indeed. This tape is a faithful reproduction of the hilarious highlights of that most unusual occasion.

William Rusher, David Keene and Stan Evans were among the well-known conservatives who showered Buckley with a barrage of outrageous barbs that brought loud guffaws from the large and lively crowd. Mike Wallace (of "60 Minutes" fame) and Allard Lowenstein were also there and chipped in with their best shots, giving you a good idea of the cumulative effect Buckley has had on liberals through the years (yet it all adds up to a kind of wry tribute). And Henry Kissinger in person completed the basting with some acidly "diplomatic" digs. Buckley's reply to all this is masterful—he ends up roasting the roasters—and you have to hear it to believe it.

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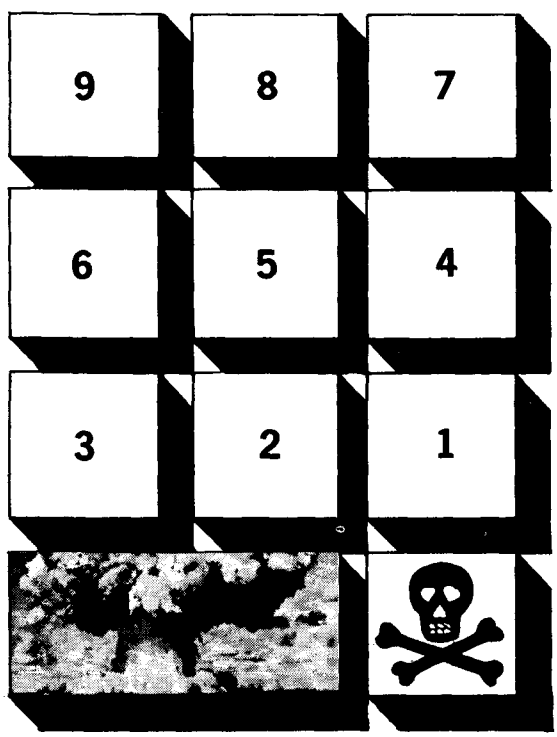
R. SEAN RANDOLPH

Trading with the enemy: A HAPPY WAY TO DIE?



SHORTLY AFTER the Bolshevik Revolution, Lenin reportedly remarked that the capitalists of the West would sell the Soviet Union the rope by which they themselves would hang. At about that same time (1921) Soviet leader L. B. Kamanev stated it even more specifically: "We are convinced that . . . foreign capital will fulfill the role Marx predicted for it . . . with every additional shovel of coal, with every additional load of oil that we in Russia obtain through the help of foreign technique, capital will be digging its own grave." There was once a time when we in the West listened to what the Soviets were saying, or at least did not immediately discount it. Today, Lenin's words, though spoken nearly sixty years ago, are coming home with a vengeance.

The issue we face today is whether or not the United States should sell the Soviet Union and its Warsaw Pact allies goods and technologies with potential military uses. Those in favor theorize that by doing so, we will draw the Soviets into "a web of constructive relationships," give them a stake in the existing world order, and so discourage them from military adventures.

This policy has greatly benefited the Soviets, whose centralized, state-run economy has fallen behind the West in key technological areas. During the last ten years the Soviet Union and its allies have aggressively sought Western technical expertise and equipment, concentrating their imports in those areas where the United States has a significant technological lead. They have also become less interested in buying end-products than in buying the underlying technology that will give them an independent productive base. A key mechanism is the "turn-key" plant, which means the U.S. sells a complete factory, trains its technicians, and conveys to the Soviets other important manufacturing and design information.

The principal problem concerns the sale of "dual-use technologies," which are capable of both civil and military applications. For example, an air traffic control system can be used for air fighter defense; computers have many non-military uses, but they are also crucial to most of today's sophisticated weapons systems; and integrated circuits, found in pocket calculators, digital wristwatches, and television sets, are also critical to missile guidance systems.

While the outright sale of weapons systems is barred by U.S. policy, the sale of dual-use technologies has been on the increase in recent years, and the potential military applications of such sales have been downplayed. Soviet assurances that these systems would be used for purely civilian purposes are too readily accepted, whereas in fact—as Mr. Lawrence Brady, formerly acting director of the Office of Export Administration, has testified—it is nearly impossible today for the United States to ensure that advanced technology shipped to the Soviet Union will not be diverted to military uses.

Recently, some eighty U.S. firms joined with a number of European and Japanese concerns to supply much of the technology used in the Soviets' massive new Kama River truck plant. The Kama facility is the largest truck plant in the world, with an annual production capacity of 250,000 ten-ton multiple-axle trucks and 350,000 diesel engines, and a similarly large number of trailers and off-road vehicles. The Kama River

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truck is far superior to the truck that has heretofore been used by the Soviet army.

In addition, the Kama River foundry—which is reputed to be the largest facility of its type in the world and is capable of producing tank engine blocks and turrets—is run by an IBM computer. Though the Kama facilities were to be restricted to producing civilian vehicles, a number of the engines currently being produced there are being installed in military trucks, armored personnel carriers, and assault vehicles. According to a Pentagon official, "In approving the sales, our basic consideration was that if we did not make the sales, other Western nations would."

In 1972 the United States (with State Department approval) sold the Soviet Union 164 Centalign-B precision grinding machines, used in the production of precision miniature ball bearings. Members of the U.S. defense community warned at the time that the machines could be used for missile guidance systems. With the aid of the Centalign machines the Soviet Union has now produced MIRV warheads capable of hitting the United States. At the time of the sale, MIRV technology, which allows a single missile to carry a number of independently targetable nuclear warheads, was beyond Soviet capabilities.

In one year alone, from October 1978 to September 1979, the Soviet Union and its Warsaw Pact allies purchased $194 million in computers from the United States, which amounted to 40 per cent of all license applications approved by the Department of Commerce and reviewed by the Department of Defense. For all categories of exports to the Eastern bloc, electronic computing equipment consistently leads all others by a wide margin. Related products, such as electronic testing equipment and semiconductor manufacturing equipment, are also exported in large volume. Computers lie at the heart of nearly all advanced weapons systems—including ICBMs—radar, anti-aircraft, and satellite-based surveillance systems, and the United States is still believed to be at least five years ahead of the Soviet Union in this field. Nonetheless, sales of sophisticated computing equipment (principally by Control Data and IBM) have been routinely approved. In 1976 Control Data came very close to selling the Soviets its most sophisticated computer, the Cyber 76, which is used primarily by U.S. agencies such as the National Security Agency (NSA), the Energy Research and Development Agency (ERDA), NASA, and the Pentagon. The sale was stopped at the last moment as the result of unexpected congressional pressure.

Many other examples could be cited. Soviet allies have purchased complete plants for the manufacture of semiconductors, critical to the guidance systems of ICBMs and other missiles. The Soviet Union itself has bought the RB-211 turbo-fan engine (suitable for bombers) from Lockheed, which used $300 million in U.S. Government R&D grants to develop it. Technology sold by Litton Industries is now being used to help Soviet planes and ships track American submarines. Credible intelligence reports have also been received that a Sperry-Univac 1100/10C computer, personally approved for sale by President Carter in 1978 and ostensibly intended for use in synthetic-rubber research, is being used by the Soviets to improve their Backfire bomber.

A final case should illustrate the complexity of the export control problem. This is the 1978 sale to the Soviet Union of a $144-million Dresser Industries plant for the manufacture of deep-well oil drilling equipment. The sale was approved over the objections of Energy Secretary James Schlesinger, members of the National Security Council, and the Defense Science Board. The new Dresser plant will produce premium drill bits essential to Soviet plans for energy development, which the Soviets are still unable to produce themselves. America dominates world production of drill bits today, producing approximately 300,000 units per year. Dresser's Kuibyshev plant will have a capacity of 100,000 units, far in excess of the Soviet Union's estimated domestic requirements through the 1980s.

Two inferences can be drawn from this, the first economic and the second strategic. In the long run, the Dresser sale will cost the U.S. jobs. The United States will have created a potential competitor for the production and sale of high-technology oil drilling equipment in the international market. In turn, this means that the Soviets will increase their presence and influence in the oil-producing areas of the world.

Strategically, also, the sale is questionable. New energy production is critical to maintaining the growth rate of the Soviet economy. Failing that, the Soviet Union may find it hard to continue increasing its military spending at the 4 to 5 per cent annual rate that it has maintained up to now. Moreover, the Soviets plan to use their new oil power for leverage in Western Europe, to which they hope eventually to export oil. A TASS commentary on Western efforts to organize pressure against Iran made the point that the Soviet Union is an important supplier of energy for Western Europe, and declared: "The present turn made by the White House toward cold war and economic blackmail against the Soviet Union and the socialist community creates a serious threat to Western Europe and Japan for convenient external energy sources."

The argument that if the U.S. doesn't export to the Soviets others will is, as one writer put it, 'a rationalization for having no policy at all'

Trade in strategic goods and technologies continues, but the problem is receiving increasing attention from both proponents and opponents of tighter export controls. The challenge is to devise a rational and comprehensive export control policy which prevents the leakage of military-related technologies to hostile governments, yet does not impose unreasonable restrictions.

American foreign trade policy has two primary elements: 1) the promotion and encouragement of a high level of foreign commerce, and particularly of U.S. exports; and 2) the control of U.S. exports of goods and technologies which could significantly contribute to the military capability of hostile foreign governments. These objectives are not always compat-

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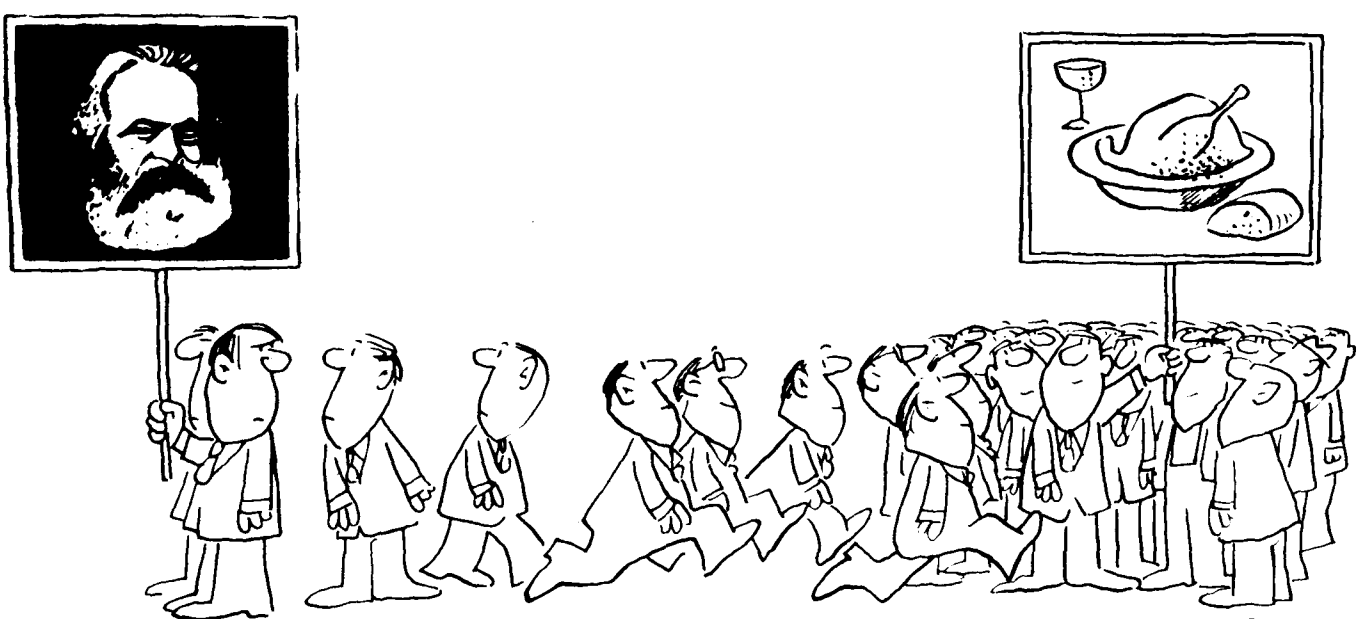
helo !!!!

Moon Phases

From full to half to quarter,
John Anderson grows dim
As springtime's hot supporter
Returns to Ron and Jim.
The moon tugs on the ocean
As measured by the tide,
But no moon locomotion
Can slow his summer slide.

W. H. VON DREELE

"John, this is Harrison Fartherington. He has already been beeped twice this evening."



Bas, *Tachydromos*

Poland

Rothco

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MACNELLY/THE RICHMOND NEWS LEADER ©1980 BY CHICAGO TRIBUNE.
Would somebody please explain what's going on?...
HOOVER CARTER
HAPPY days are HERE Again!
REAGAN

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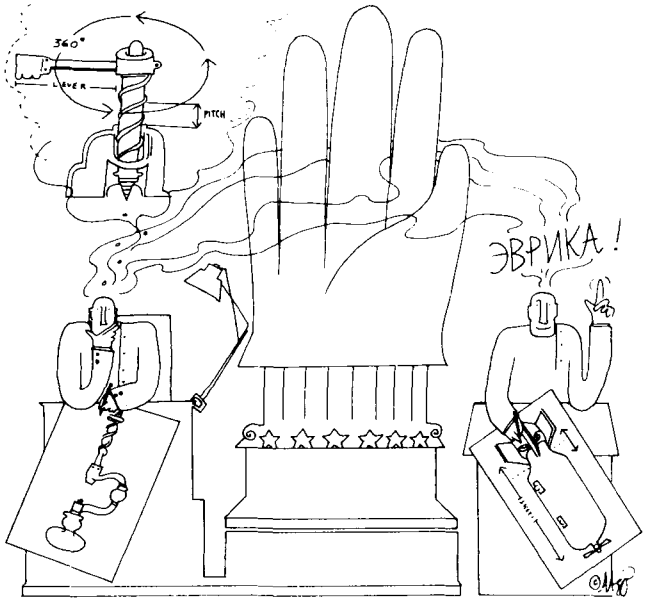
ible, and business interests argue that the former objective should prevail, since our balance of payments situation requires a high level of exports, and since similar technology is often available to the Soviets from other suppliers. This ignores the fact that the export of technology rather than goods promises, in the long run, to cost the U.S. more jobs than it will create. The argument that if the U.S. doesn't export to the Soviets others will is, as one writer put it, "a rationalization for having no policy at all." A more rational policy would be to enlist international cooperation in extending bilateral or multilateral controls to the goods or technology in question.

At present, the export of U.S. technology is controlled on the domestic level through the Export Administration Act of 1969 (as amended), and on a multilateral level through COCOM (the Coordinating Committee of the Consultative Group of Nations, founded in 1950)—NATO (minus Iceland) and Japan. COCOM maintains a common list of embargoed strategic items, while the U.S. maintains a Commodity Control List of controlled items. As currently administered, this list is not an effective control mechanism. COCOM, which maintains a parallel list of controlled items, has also become ineffective in recent years. Much of its failure can be attributed to the relaxation of U.S. controls over the past decade. As a result of this failure both of U.S. leadership and of common wisdom, COCOM has acted more like a sieve than a barrier.

The inability of the U.S. to enforce effective controls stems largely from a division of responsibility within the U.S. Government. The Commerce Department is responsible for the control of commercial exports affecting national security and for the Commodity Control List. Commerce's primary task, however, is the promotion of U.S. exports and foreign trade. This has created a fundamental conflict of interest within the Commerce Department. The Defense Department, meanwhile, must be consulted by Commerce on national security sales, and it thus has the statutory power to delay or possibly prevent a sale. However, the fact that its role is advisory means that commercial or other foreign-policy interests tend to prevail over national security considerations. The State Department frequently joins with Commerce in advocating an export-oriented policy.



The current U.S. export-control system is a shambles. The first step toward making sense out of the confusion must be to resolve the problem of "definition"—the way in which we define and categorize those products which are to be controlled and those which are not.

The Defense Science Board has recommended that the emphasis in export controls be shifted from products to critical technologies. The difference is explained by J. Fred Bucy, president of Texas Instruments:

> The definition of technology must be used in a specific sense, if these issues are to be clarified. Technology is the application of science to the design and manufacture of products and services. These products are the end result of technology. . . . [It is not] science. Science is directed to obtaining knowledge. . . . Technology is specific know-how required for design and manufacture. It is usually privately owned and closely guarded.

Since technologies change and constantly advance, it may not be necessary to protect a given technique indefinitely. The key to the American technological lead is "lead time." As Dr. Ruth Davis, Deputy Under Secretary of Defense for Research and Engineering, puts it: "Our national security has in recent times become increasingly dependent upon our military technological superiority, which in turn is based on maintaining our technological lead time." On the other hand, the transfer or sale of any technology which significantly advances an adversary's military capability may be harmful to American security, and should therefore be subject to careful controls.

Within the Defense Department, an effort was begun in 1977 under the guidance of Dr. Davis to devise a specific list of Military Critical Technologies (MCT) "whose acquisition by a potential adversary would make a significant contribution to its military potential and thus prove detrimental to the national security of the United States." In January 1979 a 15-item Military Critical Technologies List was produced.*

The next step in DOD's MCT approach will be to identify specific technological systems for control within these broad categories. Even at that, however, the presence of a given technology or system on the MCT list provides no guarantee that that item will not be exported. In particular, so long as the Department of Commerce remains the agency with primary responsibility for deciding on export licenses, political or other considerations may outweigh the Defense Department's recommendations, even with reference to specific MCTs. In addition, there remains

*1) Computer network technology; 2) large computer system technology; 3) software technology; 4) automated real-time control technology (including array processor technology; 5) composite and defense materials processing and manufacturing technology; 6) directed energy technology (including particle beams); 7) LSI-VLSI (large- and very-large-scale integrated circuits) design and manufacturing technology; 8) military instrumentation technology; 9) telecommunications technology; 10) guidance and control technology; 11) microwave componentry technology; 12) military vehicular engine technology (focusing particularly on jet turbine technology); 13) fiber optics and advanced optics technology; 14) sensor technology; 15) undersea systems technology.

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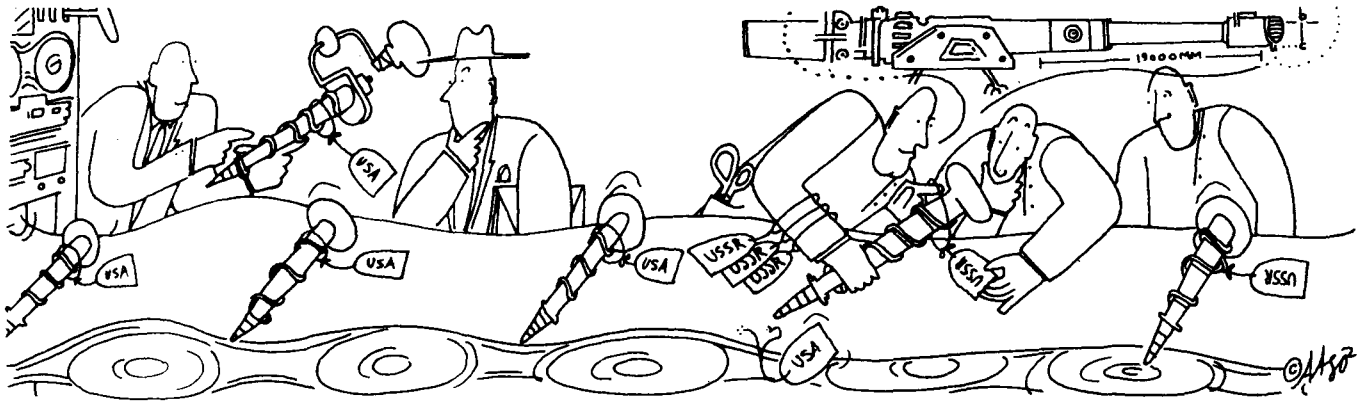

the problem of how best to deal with those technologies, such as the Dresser Industries oil technology, which may have only indirect military significance, yet may have profound strategic and economic impact. The MCT approach does not deal with this problem, nor does policy as currently carried out by the Commerce Department. In this connection, a broader "National Security" or "Critical Technologies" approach would appear to be a more effective protective format than a narrower "Military Critical Technologies" format.

In September 1979 Congress passed new legislation, the Export Control Act of 1979, amending existing export control policy in a number of significant ways. The new act mandated both civil and criminal penalties for companies which willfully fail to report diversions of U.S. technology to military purposes. (This applies only when such a diversion is in violation of the conditions of an export license.) The Act also gave a formal congressional mandate to the Defense Department to start devising its own Military Critical Technologies list. The initial version of this list is to be completed and published by October 1, 1980. Items placed on this MCT list will become a part of the Commodity Control List, which however will continue to be administered by the Secretary of Commerce, with the Defense Department still relegated to a consultative role.

The 1979 Act, moreover, created new licensing procedures which could lead to mass export license approvals, rather than the case-by-case review procedures now in effect. This will result in a loosening of our overall export control machinery. As with all legislation, the net impact of this Act will depend largely on the spirit with which it is administered. If recent history is any guide, the prognosis is not good. Careful monitoring of Commerce Department procedures and policies is therefore necessary, with an eye to possible further revisions in the Export Administration Act.

President Carter's recent ban on high-technology exports to the Soviet Union, announced in the wake of the Afghanistan crisis, puts the current export control problem even more strongly into relief. While barring high-technology exports to the Soviet Union, the embargo does not cover the East European satellites. That being so, serious leakage of U.S. technology from Warsaw Pact countries to the Soviet Union is inevitable.

Intelligence reports have confirmed that trucks produced at the Kama River plant are being used by the Red Army in Afghanistan. Though the Administration professed surprise at this, hard evidence had come to light in 1979 that the Kama facility was being used to produce military transports. Today, Kama River's biggest customer is the Soviet military.

The Commerce Department has waffled. The Soviets, it said, had not illegally diverted the plant to military use, since U.S. policy only barred exports which would make a "significant" contribution to Soviet military potential, and the construction of military trucks was not "significant." Moreover, Commerce Department officials testified that the Soviets had never actually promised not to use the plant for military purposes. This, despite the fact that during negotiations assurances *were* given that the vehicles produced there would be used only for agricultural and industrial purposes.

In late January 1980 the Commerce Department drafted proposals for "hardship exemptions" from the President's technology embargo. This was in response to pressure both within the Commerce Department and from the business community. Under these exemptions, broad categories of high-technology exports would be allowed to continue, despite the formal existence of an export ban. These new guidelines would permit the export of spare parts and servicing for computers which have been previously exported to the Soviets, but which themselves would be ineligible for export today. This will permit the Soviets to continue to use U.S. technology to their military advantage. In addition, the export of technology for the completion of Dresser Industries' Kuibyshev plant is being permitted, despite the President's export curbs. Loopholes such as these have led to fears that before long we'll be back to business as usual with the Soviets. □

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LETTER FROM BANGKOK & RANGOON

The Telltale Signs of Freedom

THOMAS MOLNAR

THAILAND AND Burma provide a splendid illustration of the difference between capitalist and socialist ways of dealing with man and his community.

On this, my third, visit to Bangkok in 16 years, I was amazed at the ugly Westernization of a once-accommodating Oriental town: wide avenues choked with traffic, hundreds of high-rise buildings, gigantic hotels—all in the cement-grey uniform of progress. Take away the almond-shaped eyes, and it could be any super-efficient, nondescript, industrial/commercial center located anywhere in the world. With all these visual drawbacks, though, Thailand is prosperous. It figured large in the movement of supplies and men during the Vietnam War, and subsequently it became a fertile ground for investment by Germans, Japanese, Americans, Italians, Australians, and others. The sleepy Oriental town of Bangkok has turned into a bustling metropolis: orderly, efficient, prosperous, crowded, and ugly.

Signs of Freedom

But free! This can be seen on the faces of the people, in government communiqués about aid to Cambodians, in the relaxed mood of foreigners, whether businessmen or visitors. It is evidenced by the ease with which you pass customs, by the way goods are displayed in the shops, by newspaper comments on political events, domestic and international, and of course in conversations with Thais. Military regime or not, Thailand has become a stop on the fragile East Asian itinerary of freedom: Singapore, Hong Kong, Taipei, Tokyo.

By contrast, the moment you get off the plane in Rangoon, socialism punches you in the nose. Regulations, documents, money restrictions, the pawing through all your luggage, required lists of all your valuables from wristwatch to typewriter, prohibitions on the exporting of precious stones and Buddha heads, corruption.

Thailand should, of course, hang its head in shame because it has sold out to capitalism and imperialism, whereas Burma, under the glorious leadership of the Socialist Program Party, jealously guards its independence. This is what I was told in the offices of the newspapers I visited in Rangoon. There are two English-language papers, the *Guardian* and the *Working People's Daily*, but they print exactly the same stories, one in the morning, the other in the afternoon. Only the editorials vary —mostly in abjectness.

Before meeting one of the editors I was advised not to ask "political" questions, because all journalists are "followed." So I was not surprised to hear from him that Burma has fine relations with its neighbors, it has no domestic problems, and its population is working hard to build socialism.

After this instructive session, my guide, an imitation Intourist escort, found a quiet place where he could tell me "confidentially" of his aunt's illness. Would I go with him, he asked, to the Diplomatic Store where everything can be bought—for hard foreign currency—but only by diplomats and tourists, since Burmese may not own such polluted monies. To prevent their getting hold of any foreign currency, every item you buy will be "endorsed" on a document that you must turn in to customs when you leave (except the Buddha heads you are not allowed to take out). My five dollars, duly endorsed, bought eight capsules of some medicine (vitamins?) and five bars of soap. Medicine, I discovered, is available only for bigshots; most physicians buy it on the black market. The same is true of everything from cigarettes to cars.

Rangoon, Pagan, Mandalay (oh, those exotic dream names!) remain in memory after a nightmarish tour as a mishmash of gaudy, vulgar pagodas, heaps of bricks called stupas, hideously painted Buddha idols, and the most backward and poverty-stricken areas I have ever seen. "Luxury" hotels teem with rats; domestic airplanes seem to be put together from cardboard; what tourists are shown as "culture" could be assembled in a broken-down, third-rate Luna Park. Add to all this a leaden atmosphere of suspicion and the hypocrisy of the official pronouncements. But we are told that remarkable things have been achieved since the 1962 "revolution," though more progress is needed in the rice paddies and in rural dispensaries; intellectuals should work loyally with the people for socialism, so as to gain the party's appreciation and to be assigned tasks in the production process; etc. But the best was the following: President U Ne Win visited a gem-cutting factory and left "after giving detailed instructions for improvement." I loved the word "detailed," reminiscent of Stalin who too was an accomplished poet, philosopher, linguist, and, incidentally, universal genius. I do not know whether U Ne Win always gives detailed instructions for improvement, but I would suggest that he next visit the hotels where I stayed.

Pushups at 5 A.M.

I could go on listing the repulsive features of this socialist paradise. All the paraphernalia of totalist socialism are present, minus only the needed elaborate ideology, which Burma's leaders seem incapable of devising on their own. Instead, they borrow slogans and methods from more gifted mentors—for example, China's mass-gymnastics at dawn. On the way to the airport (thanks be to God!) at 5 A.M. on a Sunday, our progress was obstructed by tens of thousands of people marching to the sports-ground where (to quote the *Guardian* and the *Working People's Daily*) they were to "breathe fresh air and engage in vigorous exercise." Also: "Our sports-loving youth welcomes the new sport instruments placed at their disposal by the Ministry . . ."

It is appropriate that a land with such glorious achievements should also have a glorious monument: the mausoleum where another U, U Thant, the late United Nations Secretary General, is buried. You remember the little man with the expressionless face, the thin-framed glasses, and the numerous cats? Well, Burma and its regime adulate their great son's image. They are worthy of him, and he of them. □

Mr. Molnar's latest book is Theists and Atheists, a Typology of Non-Belief.

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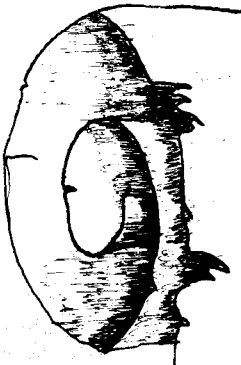

How about the students *you* care about — are they prepared for the unavoidable lesson-in-history they'll be living through in the vital presidential election battle just ahead?

Now's the time to sign 'em up for the most refreshing short course available!

Sure, we mean they ought to be reading *National Review* in the exciting months ahead (it could be the start of a life-long friendship!). Take this opportunity to send a special student-rate gift subscription to the young people you care about — all you have to do is use the handy reply-card facing this page right now (before you forget, or get distracted yourself). For you it's a good deed, easily done. For *them*, well, you can't know *how* much it might end up meaning to the lucky student (we repeat, our own experience — this is our 25th Anniversary Year — indicates that it very often produces a life-long friendship), and that possibility is well worth the modest cost you wager when you do this kind of thing.

Again modestly, we think that no other magazine in America can provide more provocative reading for students this year — NR, after all, gives them a really different viewpoint not found in the mass media (we think of the Doonesbury cartoon during the Democratic convention: the "media" were planning a story on how they themselves covered the "news," and the "newsmagazines" were alerted to "cover" *that* story! Back to you, Walter . . .). Not to mention some of the most important and readable articles published anywhere today. And Bill Buckley's columns, plus reviews of the latest in movies, TV — just the stuff students want to keep up on. So introduce a young person you care about to NR now, won't you?

All you have to do to take advantage of our special student rate (15 big issues —the whole Academic Year — for just $10.95) is use the card facing this page now. If you are a student yourself, be sure to give your *school address*. If you are giving a gift subscription to a student, be sure to fill in your own name too. But *most* important, do it *now*, before you forget.

IT'S IMPORTANT — MANY THANKS.

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GOVERNMENT BY JUDICIARY

Ex Parte McCardle

ANTHONY TORTORA

As the election draws near, it is useful to be reminded not only of what is desirable in politics, but also of what is possible. Too much of what is desirable has not even been seriously attempted, because of the belief that it is impossible of achievement. The recent adoption by the Republican Platform Committee of a resolution to prohibit busing for purposes of school integration is a good example: it is a pure velleity if, simultaneously, one does not address how this policy is to be implemented against the Supreme Court's (sometimes) adamantine insistence that such busing is constitutionally obligatory.

Similarly, the gathering support for tuition tax credits may, in due course, founder on the shoals of a Court decision that they violate the "separation of church and state." That such a ruling would be a preposterous misreading of the First Amendment's reference to "establishment of religion" doesn't give us any less reason to predict it. It would just represent (to paraphrase Raoul Berger's indictment in *Government by Judiciary*) "another of the usurpations that bestrew the path of the Court."

These matters have been almost entirely undiscussed during the campaign, along with, as the *Fullilove* decision perhaps reminded us, "affirmative action" in all its varied manifestations. But they must be mentioned, soon or late, for they will not go away, and it is intolerable that present policies should continue unremedied, because they make manifest what is now unequivocally true: namely, that the United States Government—notwithstanding its sanctimony toward South Africa and pre-Mugabe Rhodesia—is the largest purveyor of racial discrimination in the world today. And this obsession with race, and sex, is so pervasive that we've become accustomed to hearing matters on which race and sex only incidentally impinge aggregated with those to which these matters are central. Thus, for example, the tendentious treatment of the tuition tax credit issue as if it were a question which naturally divides black from white.

In any event these issues certainly are categorically distinct for the purpose of this article. The *Weber* and *Fullilove* cases, and affirmative action generally, are (legally) comparatively simple matters. The Court has never held that it is constitutionally required to discriminate against white people on the basis of race. The very statement of the proposition makes this evident, even though we continue to be afflicted by a Court some of whose members' grasp of the Constitution is so fragile one wonders if someday they might not reach that conclusion.

If Congress Wants

Weber was specifically decided on the basis of the 1964 Civil Rights Act, and the Court held, in effect, that Congress could permissibly legislate racial preferences. That this decision perversely stood on its head the manifest intent of the 1964 Act has elsewhere been well documented, and I doubt one could improve on Justice Rehnquist's devastating dissent to this effect. The point, however—of which even the *Washington Post* took note in its morning-after editorial—is that if Congress did not like the holding in the case it could reverse it.* That Congress has not done so, or otherwise seen fit to reverse the volumes of regulations and edicts imposing racial and/or sexual quotas, by which the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission (EEOC) and the Office of Federal Contract Compliance Programs (OFCCP) have re-ordered our lives, reflects congressional pusillanimity, and certainly not any insuperable legal obstacles. *Fullilove*, in this context, merely provides a gloss on *Weber* by iterating Congress's authority to legislate racial preferences.

With respect to busing, the situation is rather different, both legally and socially. The social question is, in my view, immeasurably more serious. What other society has ever offered up its children as point-men in a radical, and radically dangerous, social experiment? Has any sociologist or historian had the courage to break the mold of fashion and attempt to count the casualties—physical, emotional, educational—which have resulted from this experimentation?

But on the legal point, which is the purpose of this article, there has been general despair. It has generally been believed that because *Brown* v. *Board of Education* was decided on constitutional rather than statutory grounds, and because decisions requiring busing were largely derivative (from *Brown*), therefore no remedial approach save that of a constitutional amendment is possible. The defeat of Representative Ronald Mottl's effort to get the busing amendment through Congress has seemed to sound the death knell for these attempts at revision. Since most people believe that there is no redress short of an (apparently unpassable) constitutional amendment, the feeling is quite general that there is nothing legally to be done.

It is important to disabuse ourselves of this notion which paralyzes our will to act. Amendments are unnecessary and are, moreover, subject to objections which are not raised with regard to statutory legislation. Further, they are unwieldy tools which are too slow and cumbrous to deal with a situation which is in urgent need of reform. Much simpler would be federal legislation prohibiting busing in order to achieve "racial balance," *combined with* legislation which would remove the issue from the jurisdiction of the courts.

The constitutional authority for this

Mr. Tortora, who lives in Baltimore, works for the Department of Labor in Washington, D.C.

*The ability of Congress to overturn a Court decision made on statutory grounds is a legal commonplace which no competent lawyer would attempt to deny. It occurs in other, less politically volatile contexts without comment; consider, for example, Senator Kennedy's pending legislation (S-300) to overturn the Court's holding in the *Illinois Brick* antitrust case.

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procedure is manifest, and I am undecided whether its disuse stems from congressional timidity or from ignorance. Forced to guess, I personally would be inclined to believe the latter. Let's start with the basics: the Constitution itself, which is, strictly speaking, both the beginning and the end of the argument.

At Congress's Sufferance

Article III deals with the judicial power of the United States and divides the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court (the only court specifically mentioned, the establishment of the inferior federal courts being left to the discretion of Congress) into "original Jurisdiction" and "appellate Jurisdiction." The Court has original jurisdiction "in all cases affecting Ambassadors, other public Ministers and Consuls, and those in which a State shall be a party." Article III, Section 2 goes on to say that "In all other cases . . . the Supreme Court shall have appellate Jurisdiction, both as to Law and Fact, with such Exceptions, and under such Regulations as the Congress shall make."

To put it another way, the Supreme Court addresses issues at the sufferance of Congress, except in those cases in which it has constitutionally conferred "original Jurisdiction." It is too clear to require elaboration that the quota and busing questions, and also the proposed tax credit legislation, fall outside the class of cases enumerated under the Court's original jurisdiction.

This provision of the Constitution has not been invoked for some time, and its disuse has a way of making it appear novel. But it is not, and among the *cognoscenti* its existence is acknowledged as a commonplace. Richard Morris, for example, in the 1961 edition of his *Encyclopedia of American History*, remarks matter-of-factly that "In February 1868 the Court agreed to consider *ex parte McCardle*. Fearing that a review of this case might invalidate Reconstruction measures, Congress deprived the Court of jurisdiction." Morris evidently felt no need to elaborate on that which he took as a given, but the very general unawareness of the provision nowadays virtually compels a fuller restatement of its implications. This undesirable necessity calls to mind Orwell's observation that we have sunk so low that "the first duty of intelligent men is to state the obvious."

William Archibald Dunning, writing to the same effect as Morris, comments, in his text *Reconstruction: Political and Economic*: "From this trying predicament [i.e., the anticipated Supreme Court reversal of a Reconstruction statute] the radicals in Congress extricated the Court by a hasty repeal of the legislation which gave jurisdiction over the case; and the Chief Justice, whose dislike of military judicature was well-known, relinquished with some regret so perfect an opportunity to damn it, but saved as he could the dignity of the Court by the resounding platitude: 'Judicial duty is not less fully performed by declining ungranted jurisdiction than by exercising firmly that which the Constitution and the laws confer.'"

Also, Professors Alpheus Mason and William Beaney state, in their monographic *American Constitutional Law*: "The Supreme Court has appellate jurisdiction in respect to both law and fact in all other cases, but subject to such exceptions and regulations as Congress shall make (Article III, Sec. 2, Cl. 2). By virtue of this clause and of its power over the jurisdiction of inferior federal courts, Congress has plenary power over the appellate jurisdiction of the Supreme Court. It could thus deprive that Court of all such jurisdiction and make final the decisions of the inferior courts. An extreme example occurred in 1868 when Congress, fearing that the Court would invalidate the Reconstruction Acts, hastily withdrew the Court's jurisdiction under the Habeas Corpus Act of 1867. The Court thus became powerless to pass on a case in which argument had been heard."

Numerous citations to the same effect could easily be made. But for those who have become accustomed to an acquiescent legislature, the detail of this case is especially instructive in displaying the ease and assurance with which Congress formerly asserted its supremacy over the Court. There are of course other instances where Congress limited the scope of the Court's authority, but none I think with such didactic effect as in *McCardle*, where Congress reached out to interpose its will not only on a case which was *sub judice*, but on a matter (writs of habeas corpus, the so-called "Great Writ") which has constitutional protection (*vide* Article I, Section 9). Surely it is clear beyond cavil that a Congress which can be the final arbiter on a matter which is an integral and explicit part of the Constitution has more than sufficient authority to mandate the handling of issues which have been given constitutional import by a kind of judicial forced march of the Fourteenth Amendment.

The *McCardle* story properly begins with an act to amend the Judiciary Act of 1789, by which amendment, on February 5, 1867, Congress expanded the authority of the courts by providing that the courts of the United States "shall have the power to grant writs of habeas corpus in all cases where any person may be restrained of his or her liberty in violence of the Constitution, or of any treaty or law of the United States" (14 Statutes at Large 385). The same Act further provided that it should "not apply to any person who is or may be held in the custody of the military authorities of the United States, charged with any military offense."

What Hamilton Thought

The problem which eventually gave us the *McCardle* case arose as a result of action by the governor of the military region in which McCardle resided. The governor imprisoned McCardle, a Confederate journalist given to invective against the military administration of the South under the Reconstruction statutes. Suit was brought on McCardle's behalf that a writ of habeas corpus be issued. Under the 1867 amendment to the Judiciary Act, the case was enabled to work its way to the Supreme Court, where argument was heard. This was entirely proper, absent a congressional prohibition of judicial review; and it was clear that the Act's exemption of persons incarcerated by the military would be the focus of the legal assault on the Act. First, however, the Court heard arguments as to its jurisdiction, and it ruled that indeed it might hear and rule on McCardle's appeal.

Congress, understandably, anticipated that the Court would rule in McCardle's favor; as has been noted, the Court's lack of sympathy for the military administration of the South was widely known. Accordingly, Congress passed the repealing act which removed the case from the Court's jurisdiction.

(Continues on page 1157)

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THE OPEN QUESTION

Stop Caricaturing Carter

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

A PRESIDENTIAL election year is notoriously no time to make serious political pronouncements—or to take seriously those that are made. But I cannot pass over in silence the editorial "Rescuing the World-View" which appeared in our August 22 issue. What has happened in both political parties as a result of the powerful conservative trend in American public opinion is much too important to be misrepresented in the excitement of a presidential campaign—least of all by a journal that has always rightly insisted on the importance of distinctions.

The editorial is as straightforward (and undiscriminating) as a college yell: Jimmy Carter is just another liberal Democratic President. A list of various Carter actions and policies is recited in support of that proposition. Off at the end, however, a curious anomaly is acknowledged: liberals detest him. Why so? An intricate explanation—the novelty and real point of the editorial—is offered: Mr. Carter's liberal policies have failed disastrously—so disastrously that even the liberals realize it. By condemning Carter, they hope to "personalize" the disaster, while saving the policies themselves for another day.

The Swing to the Right

The trouble with this simplistic view of Jimmy Carter is that it completely disregards what has been happening in the Democratic Party since 1974. Some Democrats, of course, are hard-core leftists who will stick to their guns no matter how the voters react. But most of them, and certainly most of the professional politicians among them, did not enjoy going down to that spectacular defeat with George McGovern in 1972.

By 1976 it was all too clear that not even Watergate and its aftermath, delightful as these were from the Democrats' standpoint, were going to slow, let alone reverse, the swing to the right which had been going on among American voters since the early 1960s. This swing had been masked in the 1964 election by the assassination of John Kennedy and his succession by Lyndon Johnson, and was masked again (though to a lesser extent) in 1968 by the fact that nearly ten million people—the vast majority of them former Democrats—voted for Wallace rather than Nixon. But nothing at all masked it in 1972, when the Democrats lost every state but Massachusetts.

So in 1976, without exactly advertising their apostasy from pure liberalism, they nominated Jimmy Carter: the first Southern nominee of either party since before the Civil War, a "born again" evangelical Christian who wore his religion on his sleeve, and a candidate who stressed his independence of the Washington establishment. Carter knew very well the significance of his nomination, and promptly "balanced the ticket" by naming Walter Mondale, a true-blue liberal and Humphrey protégé, as his running-mate. But Carter's own campaign steered clear of all liberal excesses.

Once elected, Carter proceeded to turn in the sort of mixed ideological performance any realist might have expected. Various-sized concessions were made to the Democratic Party's uneasy liberals: the ill-fated designation of Ted Sorensen to head the CIA; the appointment of Andy Young as U.S. Ambassador to the UN; the creation of a huge new Department of Education; the Panama Canal giveaway (conceived, to be sure, by his Republican predecessors); the SALT II treaty—to name only a few.

But it does no real service to the cause of conservatism, or even of Ronald Reagan, to pretend that Democratic liberals secretly recognize in Carter a blood-brother, but condemn him anyway in the zany hope that they can saddle him with purely personal blame for the inherent defects of liberal policies. Carter's constant stress on the need for a balanced budget, and his sporadic attempts to achieve one, are absolutely unique among Democratic Presidents and presidential candidates in the last half-century, and they have grated on the ears of every true liberal. His insistence that defense spending must have priority over domestic giveaway programs is similarly unprecedented among Democrats in peacetime. When George McGovern denounced Carter's record as early as May 1977 before the ADA convention, it wasn't because Carter had tried liberal policies without success; it was because he was simply not in the grand liberal tradition and McGovern knew it.

Reagan's Little Finger

Carter's worst defects as President—his dangerous indecisiveness and his inability to lead—are appalling enough without NATIONAL REVIEW descending to a catch-all smear that has the added disadvantage of concealing just how much America's conservatives have already forced the political leadership of this country to concede. In Ronald Reagan we have a candidate with more conservative principle in his little finger than Jimmy Carter has in his entire arm; there is simply no comparison between the two men, in terms of either doctrine or leadership. Why then indulge in a grotesque caricature of Carter that any thoughtful person will recognize at once as one-sided and overdrawn?

When Jimmy Carter is defeated—as I trust and believe he will be—you will sooner or later discover not only that he is well liked by most Americans (which isn't, as they realize, exactly the point) but that most people think his basic beliefs are not all that different from their own—which, in turn, are broadly conservative. They will vote against him nevertheless, largely because of his thunderous lack of leadership qualities; and if NATIONAL REVIEW insists on treating the coming election as a straight-up referendum on Carter's supposedly inveterate "liberalism" *v.* Reagan's staunch conservatism, it will wind up in the absurd position of claiming a victory that conservatism did not really achieve in a war it has already won. □

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DEEPENING DEPRESSION

The Great Happiness Crash

ERIC STEPHANUS

For several months the figures out of HEW indicated that the HI (National Happiness Index) was ıching downward. June was bad, with ıe seasonally adjusted NHI falling be-ıw 80 (1975 = 100) for the first time. ut it was July's drop to 71 that ıuched off the panic.

As always in times of public turmoil, rofiteers multiplied. Alcohol consump-on doubled, and then doubled again. landguns sold at a premium. Access to ridges was forbidden to pedestrians fter the nationwide wave of jumpers ıpped a thousand. All high-level ob-ervation platforms were shut down.

People banded together to cheer one nother up. Mood-elevating drugs were onsumed in vast quantities, but these t best postponed and perhaps even vorsened the inevitable crash. The gov-ernment distributed comic books and ıumorous novels free of charge. Movie ıouses revived old comedies and showed hem around the clock, as many as you ared to watch for a dollar. Laughing gas was dispensed by paramedics at street corners.

The President convened his Council of Public Contentment Advisors for two days of talks at Camp David. The great comics were there, and the great-est authorities on healthful, happy liv-ing. They agreed to distribute SMILE buttons, which stood for "So Maybe I Like Everything." By September the NHI had plummeted to 52, and the na-tion was firmly in the grip of its worst recorded period of unhappiness.

Special hotlines were set up for peo-ple unhappy about specific problems—approaching thirtieth birthdays, meno-pause, skin rashes, public rudeness—but the lines were hopelessly swamped after the first hour, and it became increasing-ly difficult to find people willing to listen to other people's problems instead of worrying about their own.

Foreign leaders called the President, warning that if unhappiness were al-lowed to go unchecked, it would spread to our allies and cause worldwide mel-ancholy. Already Great Britain, France, and Italy were showing signs of accel-erating unhappiness. The West Germans tried to dismiss it as a local fluctuation in mood that did not concern them, but the effects were soon to be seen in the industrial cities of the Rhineland, where the Oktoberfest was reduced to a hand-ful of dispirited revelers. The Soviets played it all for propaganda, as evi-dence of the West's moral decline, but expressed concern through private chan-nels that it could affect them as well if not brought under control. The Chinese couldn't understand it, but attributed it to class bandits and expatriate Maoist hard-liners.

In October, when the NHI reached 40 (Blue Tuesday), the National Secu-rity Council was called into emergency session, and harsh measures were adopt-ed. First, crying and moaning in public were made crimes, and Euphoria Re-sorts were established where multiple offenders were sent for happiness re-education. Second, all debts were abol-ished. Third, television and radio were nationalized and devoted exclusively to comedy and good news.

By November the NHI had tailspun to 21. You couldn't walk half a block along a city street without being but-tonholed by a weeping man or woman with a tale to tell that would make the Ancient Mariner tremble with dread.

Psychiatrists worked 16-hour days, cutting their treatment time to ten min-utes per patient in order to see as many as possible. Finally they had to estab-lish a system of triage; those in relative-ly mild depressions were registered for later treatment and sent home, those who appeared irremediably despondent were written off, and they attended only those whose recovery was deemed to be dependent on immediate treatment.

At Christmastime, with the NHI at 14 and sinking fast, all options had seemingly been exhausted.

The turning point came on New Year's Eve. With only the occasional somber pop of a champagne cork among dour-faced drinkers, the country inched toward midnight. People huddled around the dull glow of television screens. During the five-minute late news update broadcast between *Boys' Night Out* and *The Great Dictator* on the Movie Mirth channel, the an-nouncer reported that the Ayatollah Khomeini had arrived in Riyadh, Saudi Arabia for a hernia operation. Someone toward the back of the room snorted a mouthful of champagne out his nose.

Soon everyone was chuckling. Then the announcer rattled off an astronomi-cal figure which actually represented the number of days the 52 Americans had been held hostage in Teheran. The lat-est films were aired, obtained by a Bel-gian news-team, which showed many of them in native dress, some with Iranian wives and children in the so-called Em-bassy Village. Then the President came on to give a special one-minute New Year's Eve address to the nation, and pledged to have the hostages back by Easter. A great howl of laughter rose over the land, and the NHI soared to 93. It was the Administration's trump card in an hour of crisis, and it was brilliantly played. In gratitude, the State Department sent Khomeini a hundred-weight of the choicest prayer beads. □

Mr. Stephanus is a marketing consult-ant and writer who lives in southern Connecticut.

Through a Glass, Darkly

I asked a guru, "Tell me, please,
Can anything be done to ease
The troubles that beset us now,
And if so, would you tell me how?"

Now, gurus are supposed to know
The answers to such questions, so
I waited, rapt, but to be told:
"No dice. I'm putting you on HOLD."

—Corinna Marsh

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Abroad

Valletta *Libya Again*

Last year at the ceremonies marking the closing of the British naval base in Malta, Colonel Muammar Qaddafi, at the head of an eight-hundred-man delegation, proclaimed himself the protector of Maltese security and independence. "Malta," he declared, "is not a part of Europe, but is one with the Arab world and belongs integrally to the Great Levant." Malta has since been accepting substantial Libyan economic aid and buys its oil at considerably less than the OPEC price level. But the inhabitants of this island south of Sicily and across the Mediterranean Sea from the Libyan capital of Tripoli were never at ease with Qaddafi's characterization of them, and now there is a real quarrel between them and their Libyan benefactors. Malta has discovered important deposits of offshore oil near its coast and wants to exploit them. But Libya claims the deposits are within its own territorial jurisdiction. The International Court of Justice at The Hague last spring handed down a decision in favor of the Maltese, but Qaddafi has refused to recognize it. The Maltese decided to go ahead anyway and have hired an American oil company to prospect. Various incidents such as the bombing of the Libyan Arab Airlines office in Valletta have taken place, and tension is running high between Libya and its hitherto cooperative client. Although Malta no longer plays the role of strategic bastion in the central Mediterranean, its location still makes it valuable as a support base. The Soviet Union, with a large and sophisticated military presence in Libya, is known to covet a foothold on Malta, and this shadow hangs over the current dispute.

Tokyo *Market in Iran*

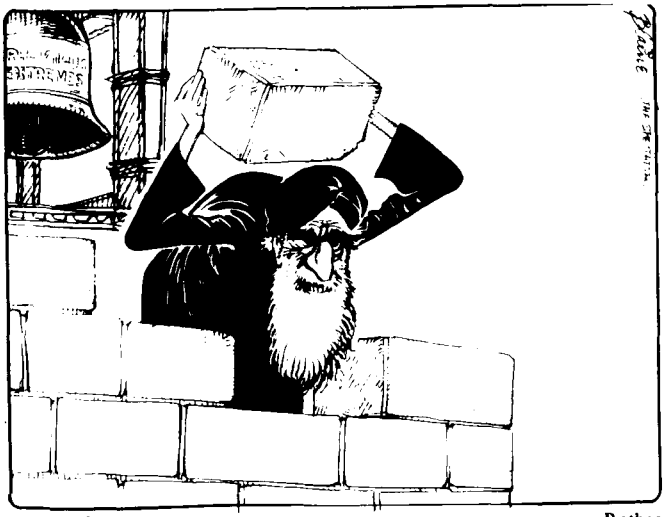
Japan's export sales to Iran soared to $1.1 billion in the first six months of 1980, almost 500 per cent more than during the same period last year. Automobiles and video tape recorders accounted for a large part of the total. Some awkwardness followed the publication of these figures by the Ministry of Finance, since they record commercial success at a time when the United States has been trying to discourage trade between its allies and Iran. But the 1979 half-year figures represented a cut-off of trade relations between Teheran and Tokyo at the height of the Iranian revolution; and Japanese curbs on export contracts did not come into effect until June of this year. Japanese exports to all OPEC countries had risen by 56 per cent in January-June 1980. Iraq and Saudi Arabia were Japan's biggest customers after Iran.

Bonn *Poll Watch on the Rhine*

Campaigning for the West German general election in October has started in earnest, but there are few obvious parallels with the presidential contest in the United States. Chancellor Helmut Schmidt is a cool politician who takes the position that he presides over the destinies of all Germans, and he is unlikely to engage in rough verbal duels with his chief electoral opponent, Christian Democrat Franz Josef Strauss. Strauss is a skillful and boisterous political tactician, but his struggle is being waged more against his personal enemies, in and out of power, than against the Chancellor himself. These enemies are led by the intellectuals and the press, especially the weeklies and the radio and television stations. Strauss has claimed, and with reason, that he is being treated unfairly by the press, which has called him a fascist and a dangerous reactionary; he demands "balanced" treatment at its hands. In this he is supported by many Germans, even including some of Schmidt's own Social Democrats. Because so much time is being spent on these questions, many observers believe that the campaign is avoiding serious economic issues now facing the Federal Republic, especially the threat to its automobile industry and to its whole export program, on which the country's prosperity depends. Nevertheless, given the tremendous importance of West Germany in the Western pattern of power and the new upheavals in Eastern Europe, the election will inevitably provide a focus of world-wide interest and concern.

Dunkirk *Forty Years On*

Scenes reminiscent of the great British evacuation of this Channel port in 1940 under German bombardment have been seen here as thousands of British tourists besieged French coastal ports to break out of a blockade by striking French fishermen and regain the white cliffs of Dover. All along the Channel, cables and nets were stretched by fishing trawlers to close port entrances, preventing any shipping from leaving or entering. One British ferry holed up in Cherbourg tried to run the blockade as another British craft loaded with seven hundred passengers tried to crash through from the outside. But a hail of stones and scrap iron and starfish shells from French fishing boats prevented either operation from succeeding. In nearby Calais, an emergency dormitory with six hundred cots was set up and emergency food supplies stockpiled. The fishermen also erected roadblocks on the landward sides of the ports to prevent any fish, or any other goods, from reaching markets in Paris. Airlifts were organized from southern England to rescue the stranded vacationers, while extra ferries sailed into the Belgian ports of Ostend and Zeebrugge to take on long lines of tourist automobiles. The British press is full of articles on whether, and whom, it is possible to sue in order to compensate for a ruined vacation.



Blaine, *The Spectator* Rothco

Iranian Quasimodo

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Terrorism and Totalitarianism

From the Continent

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Our European terrorists are, almost universally, motivated by one or another variety of anarchism. Their protests are directed against "repression," "imperialism," "the rule of monopoly capitalism"; and they regard themselves as fighters for "liberation." They don't stand in awe of the Soviet Union—but they do serve it, by their attempts to destroy the fabric and the inner confidence of the Western world. And though they are not aware of it, they are hastening the return of totalitarianism. Herein lies their real historical significance.

They are here to stay. The abduction of a well-known German television commentator's children in Italy and the explosion in the Bologna railroad station, which killed more than eighty people, have dashed all hopes for a gradual diminution of terrorist activity.

Terrorism is not an accidental phenomenon. It is intrinsically connected with the general rise in crime, and a manifestation of the deep crisis in religion in Europe today. Dostoyevsky's words, "If there is no God, everything is permissible," are apt.

Religion and Crime

Crime is also on the rise in northern Europe, but less so than in central and southern Europe. In places like Britain and the Scandinavian countries, "bourgeois morality" and the civic virtues, more or less unrelated to religion, are more deeply rooted than in the far more temperamental and individualistic South, where people abstain from crime because it is a sin rather than because it is against the law. (Spain and the Irish Republic, according to recent statistics, had the lowest rates for murder and manslaughter in Europe.) For that very reason, the break with religion in profoundly religious areas often results in a sharp turn toward crime or political radicalism. The gentle exhortation that certain things are "not done" might impress an Englishman, who was told so in the nursery; but not an Italian, a Russian, or even a German. And by the way, contrary to a common misimpression in the West, criminal activity is rampant in the Soviet Union: big, exceedingly brutal criminal organizations like "The Black Cat" and "The Strong Ones" operate with utter impunity from the Baltic to the Pacific.

A second reason for terrorism in the West is the prevailing ideological vacuum. Man, being an ideological creature, is susceptible to highly negative and destructive ideologies. The New Left has had a tremendous impact on the sons and daughters of the middle class and on those young Europeans who have the equivalent of an American college education. It is hard for young people who want objects for their innate enthusiasm to wax enthusiastic about a liberal democratic republic which, in turn, disapproves of extremes, dislikes ideology, rejects fanaticism, and distrusts radicalism.

A third reason is the weakening of two interconnected factors: tradition and the authority (as well as the warmth) of the family. Two world wars have enfeebled the old European idealism, and destroyed political traditions in Europe, except for the northern and western rim. Concomitantly the conflict between generations has reached a higher pitch. As an Austrian, I remember five national anthems and five coats of arms. In some Austrian families, a grandfather betrayed an emperor, a father successively a republic, a Christian Corporate State, and a Führer. How can one respect such ancestors? From whom can one expect true loyalties?

Yet another reason for terrorism may be the "atomic peace" that appears to have brought an end to the normal cycles of war, which have always provided a sort of outlet for male aggressiveness. We see this clearly in Latin America, where, since the Chaco War of 1932-35, all aggressive drives have been channeled into revolutions, and the armies are primarily geared to either making or quelling them. The terrorists publicly demand to be recognized as members of an army and to be treated as such according to The Hague Convention. A recognition of a state of war would be a step in the right direction: in a war, whoever is caught with arms and in civilian clothes can be hanged as a guerrilla.

There is, finally, a curious sexual aspect to the terrorist situation in Europe, which, for lack of a better term, we shall call "feminism." Women play an important part in Italian terrorism, and in Germany they are dominant. The current "wanted" posters show 16 photos of German terrorists, of whom 12 are women. Germany's Federal Criminal Agency believes that nearly four-fifths of the "Red Front" are women—a sign of grave cultural decomposition.

A Strong Hand

A profound uneasiness pervades all classes on the Continent; many people are more alarmed by the spread of ordinary crime than by political terrorism. There is a loud demand for a strong hand. In Italy, the weakness of the Neo-Fascist Party has focused hopes for law and order on the Communists, who promise the abolition of crime. The ruling Christian Democrats are not about to transform the country into a police-state—which, under the present conditions, may be the only thing that would work. In Germany, common crime has not yet reached that stage, although even there the reintroduction of the death penalty for drug dealers would receive a majority vote in a referendum.

Whether in a country like Italy organized crime, civil or political, could be successfully fought without brutal means is very much in question. The first country to abolish capital punishment was the Habsburg-dominated Grand Duchy of Tuscany. But it could well be that the terrorists will force Italy either to fall back on more stringent procedures, or to let the Communists establish their own kind of law and order. □

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The Pope, Marx, and Milton Friedman

Tomorrow and Tomorrow

MICHAEL NOVAK

POPE JOHN PAUL II kept on, in his dogged way, making a simple point on his trip to Brazil earlier this summer, yet it is a point which seems most difficult for persons on the religious Left and in the media to understand. This confusion, the most fundamental one of the twentieth century, concerns the meaning of Marxism.

As nearly as I can grasp it, here is the way well-meaning persons on the Left approach Marxism. (I am thinking in particular of two Maryknoll priests from an Eastern city, active in the worldwide campaign against multinational corporations.) "We are not Marxists," they say. When they commend Marx, it is because of his "insights." They give Marx credit for "seeing through" capitalism in all its works and all its pomps. They think he is right about some basic things, like the "class struggle" between "the oppressed" and oppressors like the multinational corporations. They think he is right about the selfishness inherent in private property and the profit motive. They think he is right about the dream of a cooperative, egalitarian, just, and fraternal society, for which "socialism" seems to be a more apt name than "capitalism." Generally, they part company with Marx insofar as Marx leads to Stalin and the Soviet Union.

ANGER IS NOT unknown to them. In fact, they thrive on it. They like to feel outraged by denials of justice and tales of oppression. For them, the world is divided emotionally into two camps: the oppressors and the oppressed. While they fear the totalitarian elements in Marx, they see him on balance as a misunderstood hero. If he had not gone a little too far in his authoritarianism, materialism, and atheism, he would have stood forth a liberal at heart, a democrat. They imagine Marx as a bearded, patriarchal Irving Howe, a reasonable reformer beneath his gruff ways.

Pope John Paul II is rather more clear-eyed about Marx. Whereas the religious Left and the media tend to divide the world into "progressives" and "conservatives," the Pope continues to see the world in threes, a trinitarian to the bitter end. According to the religious Left and the media, the Pope waffles. Sometimes he seems to side with the progressives, sometimes with the conservatives.

To me, it seems blazingly clear that the Pope is not waffling at all. His course is as straight as the great Polish plain, as steady and stubborn as the blade of a plough through very rough sod. He interprets the world according to his own unideological vision. Consider Brazil. It is, with 150 million people, the largest single Catholic nation in the world. It was settled by European colonists at about the same time as the United States. It is nearly continental in size and immensely rich in natural resources.

Brazil is under military rule. Its generals are not the most unenlightened ever visited upon humankind, but none of them is George Washington or Simón Bolívar either. The system of *latifundia* —of large landholdings conveyed, for the most part, by royal grant and decree—owes more to the aristocratic, landholding system of old Spain and the Holy Roman Empire than to forms recognizable in the United States. The nation as a whole has not experienced the political, economic, and moral-cultural revolutions through which the United States has passed.

Thus, neither progressives nor conservatives from North America are likely to find in Brazil a status quo of which they might approve. The Pope certainly did not approve of it. The people of Brazil show many beautiful characteristics and have achieved much, for which the Pope praised them. But the form of their present system represents no ideal for which the world—or the Pope—might profess admiration.

To see a need for urgent, immediat and widespread change is not, howeve to be dependent upon Marxist "i sights" or Marxist Christianity. Too o ten in the past the Church has sided wit authoritarian systems. It may now see attractive to clerics to form an allianc with a command economy run by Mar ists, in the hope of "Christianizing" i Yet how would Christian Marxism, ru jointly by commissars and clerics (as i present-day Nicaragua) represent a brea from the old Constantinianism typic of South America? If the clergy are a lied with the new class of revolution ary rulers, as once they were allied wit the old aristocracy, how will the posi tion of the Church have been changed

At Ibirapuera Park, the Pope urge Brazil's nuns to follow a third way, nei ther that of the past nor that of th Marxists: "To interpret, in the light o the Gospel, the stand for the poor an for all the victims of human selfishness without giving in to socio-political radi calism which, sooner or later, proves t be inopportune, produces effects con trary to the ones desired, and bring forth new forms of oppression."

HE DESCRIBED this third way a few hours later at Morumbi Stadium before 150,000 workers: "Power must never be used to protect the interests of one group to the detriment of others. The class struggle, in its turn, is not the way that leads to social order, because it brings with it the risk of reversing the conditions of the contenders, creating new situations of injustice. To reject the class struggle is also to opt resolutely for a noble struggle in favor of social justice."

The Pope rejected Marxism. He also rejected reliance upon the free market, left to itself: "To expect the solution of wages, social security, and working conditions to spring from a kind of automatic extension of an economic order is not realistic and for that very reason is not admissible." The Pope bases himself, clearly, upon realism—biblical realism, if you will, but realism explicit and direct. We should, then, listen closely, for his message transcends the dualities to which we are accustomed. His originality may yet teach all of us new possibilities. □

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Books Arts & Manners

The Spike

Assassination on Embassy Row
By John Dinges and Saul Landau
Pantheon, 411 pp., $14.95

ROBERT MOSS

Four years after the assassination of the Chilean leftist politician Orlando Letelier, the circle around the Institute for Policy Studies (IPS), which provided him with his exile base in Washington, has at last produced a book-length work of hagiography.

Saul Landau, the joint author of *Assassination on Embassy Row*, served for a time as Letelier's successor as director of an IPS offshoot, the Transnational Institute. He and his co-author, a former *Time* stringer in Latin America, give thanks to a long list of IPS luminaries, as well as associates of the CIA defector Philip Agee, in their acknowledgments.

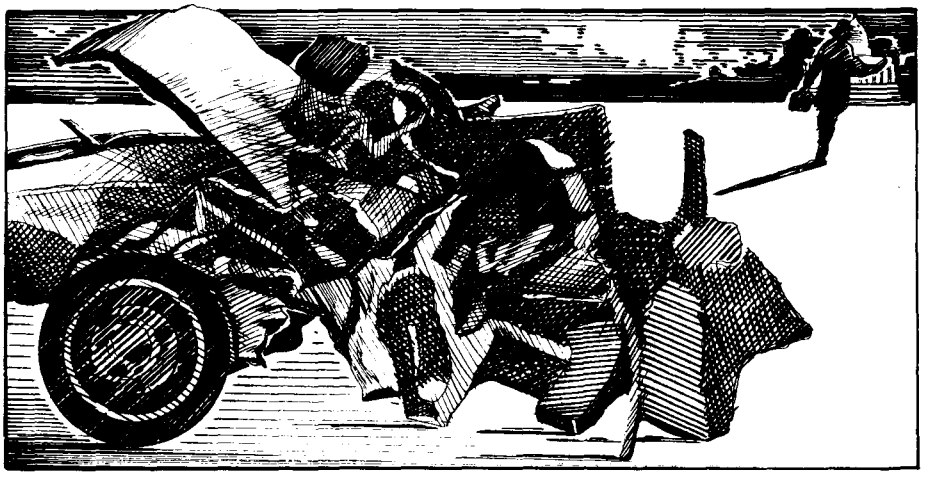
Sloppily written, jargon-loaded, and as well-organized as a mangrove swamp, their book aspires to be both a non-fiction thriller as engrossing as *The Day of the Jackal* and a towering indictment of the crimes of the Pinochet regime in Chile, whose secret police murdered Letelier. It fails preposterously on both levels.

The authors, clumping along at the heels of a brilliant Justice Department investigation, succeed in tracing the assassin's footsteps back to an order given by General (then Colonel) Manuel Contreras, the brutal backwoodsman who formerly headed Pinochet's secret police. But they dissipate the reader's sense of outrage by clogging the narrative with sub-ideological sermons on how political terror is the outcome of Milton Friedman's economic teachings. (In their shrill denunciations of "Fascist" Chile, they do not have the grace to make much of the fact that the first time Letelier's assassin was identified by his real name —Michael Townley—was in *El Mercurio*, the conservative Santiago daily.)

That the authors have a strong political commitment does not, in itself, disqualify them from writing a respectable book on the Letelier killing. Civilized people of all persuasions must be outraged by the murder of a political exile in the streets of Washington, and wish to know how it was possible. That sense of outrage should extend, for example, to the recent murder of Ali Akbar Tabatabai, the former press attaché at the Shah's Embassy and a good friend of the United States, at his home in the Maryland suburbs. Unfortunately, it is unlikely that even 5 per cent of the public emotion expended on Letelier will be evoked by the no less tragic end of Tabatabai. It seems that when America's friends are slain, they just die; when her enemies are killed, they become martyrs.

The test for the Landau/Dinges team is whether they have been able to overcome their bias sufficiently to segregate fact from mythology and unsupported conspiracy theories. That they have flunked the test is obvious from their first pages, where they describe Pinochet's regime as "the most repressive since the destruction of Nazism." To make that statement requires staggering historical elision. What ever became of Stalin, Pol Pot, Francisco Macias, Idi Amin, Saddam Hussein, Fidel Castro, and the others whose methods make Pinochet, by comparison, look eligible to join the board of Amnesty International?

EVEN A reader who is ready to swallow the idea that Pinochet (who, by the way, has good relations with the Israelis, who sell Chile arms) is Hitler reincarnate might gag a little when Landau and Dinges declare, straight-faced, that the first word pronounced by Letelier's baby was "Allende." I have had more than a



Stephanie Hart *is an experienced traveler, now heavily into whales. . . .* **Robert Moss** *is a staff writer on* The Economist *and, with Arnaud de Borchgrave, co-author of the best-selling novel* The Spike. . . . **William Murchison** *is on the editorial staff of the* Dallas Morning News.

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RANDOM NOTES

■ SOME OCTOBER TITLES: Raymond Sokolov's *Wayward Reporter: The Life of A. J. Liebling* (Harper & Row, $15.95) sounds (we have not yet seen a copy) like a most interesting and perceptive biography of the well-known journalist and *New Yorker* correspondent. . . . *Naming Names* (Viking, $15.95), by Victor Navasky, concerns the HUAC's investigation of the film business in the 1950s; the title refers to the supposedly nefarious informing that certain people in Hollywood engaged in, but it would be more appropriate, even, to a much more newsworthy book (which we at first glance thought this might be) on Philip Agee's and Lewis Wolfe's crusade to expose CIA agents. But of course, Navasky is not the man for that job.

Edward Abbey, who roams the American West drinking Coors, shooting the insulators off power lines, disabling BLM bulldozers, picking fights with strip-mine companies and condominium-builders, and writing good books about all this, has returned to the novel form, although the message of his essays and nonfiction works is still clear: *Good News* (Dutton, $10.95) is set in the future, when the American economy has collapsed and Sunbelt seekers of the Good Life are forced to retreat back East where the land is fertile and life easier than it once seemed. . . . *Floater* (Ticknor & Fields, $9.95) is a novel about the world of journalism as it intersects with politics, by Calvin Trillin, *The New Yorker*'s palate-at-large. . . . Robert Elegant's *Manchu* (McGraw-Hill, $12.95) is the second of the author's blockbusting novels about ancient China.

William Safire is bringing out two books this fall: *Safire's Washington* (Times, $17.50), a collection of his *New York Times* columns, and *On Language* (Knopf, $12.95), about the mess people—especially politicians—are making of the King's English (now devolved into the President's English). . . . *The Court Years: 1939-1975* (Random House, $16.95), by William O. Douglas, is the second volume of the late Justice's autobiography. —CW

little experience of infants, and I have yet to meet one—of Hispanic or any other parentage—who can get its tongue around such complicated syllables before experimenting with homelier noises like "ma-ma" and "da-da." This is the kind of thing that belongs in an inferior medieval chronicle of the saints, lovingly embellished by some credulous rustic monk. And in just this way, the authors' lapse into holy-water hagiography is singularly revealing. Saints are what Salvador Allende, the former Marxist President of Chile, and Orlando Letelier have become to those who share a similar political credo. Saints, of course, are exalted beyond rational criticism; either you believe or you don't.

The most fascinating aspect of this awesomely bad book is how the authors deal with the bundle of highly compromising documents that were found in Letelier's briefcase after his death and were subsequently leaked to the press. These documents show that Letelier was being paid $1,000 a month from a secret account in Havana, managed by Beatriz ("Tati") Allende, the daughter of the late president, whose husband, Luis Oña Fernandez, just happened to be one of the top officers in Castro's secret service, the *Dirección General de Inteligencia* (DGI). The Letelier papers also showed that Letelier was in close contact in the United States with identified DGI and KGB officers, including Julián Rizo, the DGI station chief in New York (operating under United Nations cover), who has since become ambassador to Grenada, the latest mini-Cuba in the Caribbean.

In a letter to Tati Allende, Letelier suggested that he should keep the Cuban connection secret, so far as possible, in order to maximize support from liberals who could be mobilized around human-rights issues. This strongly indicated that Letelier had been co-opted by the Cubans to recruit agents of influence in the United States by the classic "false flag" technique. He concluded his letter by expressing the hope that "some day, not far away, we will be able to do what has been done in Cuba."

The Letelier documents also cast light on the activities of a number of his IPS colleagues, including one of the authors of *Assassination on Embassy Row*. They included a letter from another Chilean working at IPS, Juan Gabriel Valdes, to Emilio Brito, an official of the *Departamento de America* in Havana. The *Departamento de America* of the Cuban Communist Party, headed by Manuel Piñeiro Losada, the former head of the DGI, specializes in covert action and the recruitment of agents of influence in the Western Hemisphere. In his letter, Valdes expressed thanks for material received from Julián Rizo the DGI station chief in New York, and offered to forward information to Havana on the Chilean Christian Democratic Party. Equally revealing was a letter from Saul Landau to a Cuban friend reporting on his propaganda activities in Jamaica (where he had prepared a piece for the *Washington Post* on alleged CIA "destabilization" activities). In the same missive, Landau announced his intention of devoting himself, in the future, to "making propaganda for American socialism." The Landau and Valdes letters were in Letelier's briefcase because he had been going to hand-carry them to Havana on an impending visit.

No one, including the authors of *Assassination on Embassy Row*, has seriously tried to impugn the authenticity of the Letelier documents. The papers were the source of profound embarrassment to the IPS network when they first leaked out in the spring of 1977, since they supplied documentary evidence of contacts between IPS staffers and Cuban intelligence personnel. The response of IPS's friends in the media was to try to spike coverage of the papers. This approach has again been adopted by Landau and Dinges.

They only get around to mentioning the Letelier papers on page 268 of their book, and their main comment is that there was a dastardly plot involving conservative congressmen and journalists to blacken Letelier's reputation. They suppress the contents of the correspondence. They cannot bring themselves to mention key names. Julián Rizo, the DGI officer whom Letelier regularly consulted on the eve of his trips abroad, does not appear. Tati Allende's DGI husband, described as "a Cuban official," is identified only on page 269, and then without reference to his intelligence job.

Clearly sensing that Letelier's Cuban links might be raised in discussion of their book, Landau and Dinges make a stunningly clumsy effort early on to explain away the facts they are not prepared to share with the reader. Cuba, they write on page 16, is "one of the few locations where high officials of the Chilean exile movement could safely meet and plan strategy." Really? What about the high concentration of Chilean exile leaders in European capitals like

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stockholm, Paris, or Rome (not to mention East Berlin and Moscow), or in Mexico City and Caracas? What the authors have actually stated, perhaps without realizing it, is that Havana is safe" for people who are prepared to collaborate with the Castro dictatorship and the DGI.

Throughout the book, Landau and Dinges are studiously offensive to the Cuban émigré community, few of whose members resemble the cadre that was assembled by Chilean DINA agents to execute the Letelier assassination. One unit that was organized at Robert Kennedy's instructions to take part in the Bay of Pigs operation is actually labeled a "Cuban exile Waffen-SS."

This use of the vocabulary of the political gutter is another example of the opportunity that Landau and Dinges have wasted. There *was* a powerful story they could have told that would have brought only dishonor to some of their chosen enemies—if they had confined themselves to marshaling facts, with due attention to those facts that they themselves find embarrassing. But they lacked the independence of mind and the writing talent to do that. The net effect is to reopen questions they tried to duck, questions that include the scope of Cuban and Soviet covert action in the United States. □

Inside the Soviet Empire: The Myth & the Reality
By Nora Beloff
Times Books, 188 pp., $9.95

LINCOLN STEFFENS, RIP

WILLIAM MURCHISON

Small wonder the Soviets discourage enterprising Western journalists from wandering about the country, poking their noses into everything. Such busybodies might get wind of what actually goes on in the Soviet Union, which is what Malcolm Muggeridge, for example, did in the early Thirties: breaking loose from Moscow and traveling to the Ukraine, he found that the regime's collectivization schemes had brought on a devastating famine.

Muggeridge's reports were not widely enough credited (by, among others, his own editors), it being then the fashion for Westerners to believe in Stalin's wholesome intentions, even as their forefathers had believed in the Holy Trinity. But never mind; such prying as Muggeridge engaged in was unforgivable in Stalin's eyes.

The Man of Steel's successors take a more relaxed view of Western reporters—but just barely, as Nora Beloff discovered when she drove in 1978 from the Carpathians to the Caucasus and back. The Soviets were sufficiently attentive to the niceties of detente as not to install a commissar in her back seat—though they strictly supervised her route. It was when Miss Beloff, who had covered Moscow for the London *Observer* back in the Khrushchev days and is the daughter of Russian-born parents, tried to leave the country that old-time Soviet obstructiveness asserted itself. Along with her driver, she was detained and interrogated by the KGB on charges of anti-Soviet agitation and propaganda. Released, she was told to get out of the country and stay out.

The present book is no doubt Miss Beloff's swan song so far as Soviet reporting goes. A great pity, for she is an entertaining and sharp-eyed guide, who seems practically impossible to fool.

Few Westerners need to be told nowadays that they would hardly enjoy life in the Soviet Union. What they need is to be reminded every year or two that in that vast prison-camp nation, the more things change, the more they stay the same. Or even get worse.

"It was the American writer Lincoln Steffens," Miss Beloff says, "who, returning from the Soviet Union in the fervent post-revolutionary days, pronounced the famous dictum: 'I have been over into the future and it works.' Today, a returning visitor might say: 'I have been over into the past and it creaks.' The more adventurous Soviet young now look West to know what is new, radical, daring, and feel that under the dead hand of the Communist theocracy, their country has become a backwater."

Miss Beloff entered the Soviet Union from Hungary; thence she traveled to Kiev, the Crimea, and down to Tbilisi, in the Caucasus. All along the way, she encountered shabby hotels (although theoretically she was traveling deluxe), bureaucratic obstruction, ugly buildings, economic inefficiency, black markets, and all the other appurtenances of Marxist misrule.

Russians do not have much money. In any case, says Miss Beloff, "Money has nothing to do with value and anyone with any sense does as much business as possible by barter (you give me a ticket to the opera and I'll give you a shampoo and set)."

Although Americans have exported capitalism to the land of Lenin, it assumes there a very different guise. The Pepsi-Cola plant at Novorossiysk has over it a sign proclaiming ominously, "Communism will prevail." Not the way it currently works—or, rather, doesn't work. "Technical hitches such as failure of transport, shortage of bottles, and unavailability of workers waste about one-third of the potential working-time." Armand Hammer's Occidental Petroleum has encountered similar problems at its Odessa fertilizer plant. Soviet specialists sent to work at the plant proved so undertrained and inept by American standards that a special training school had to be set up for them. One Western businessman told Miss Beloff that the typical Soviet engineer "has qualifications obtainable at an American high school." The persecution of minority groups, like Tartars and Jews, has further reduced economic productivity, such as it is.

THE SIERRA CLUB and Friends of the Earth would find the Soviet Union—much of it anyway—vile and deplorable. The industrial city of Zaporozhye is overhung by "a thick yellow-grey cloud of smog . . . The poison is in the water as well as in the air"—so much so that "fresh-water fish have virtually disappeared from the Soviet diet." The

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regime views pollution control as a luxury, not a necessity. Indeed, says Miss Beloff, the Politburo flouts its own anti-pollution rules.

Miss Beloff succeeded in talking frankly with various Soviet citizens but discovered that freedom of thought remains as unreal a dream as ever. Not at all the sort to engage in ideological sparring, she nevertheless managed to incur the KGB's wrath. In one of her conversations, for example, Solzhenitsyn's name was briefly brought up—grounds enough for the Kremlin's displeasure.

Alas for Miss Beloff, she is barred now from a country that fascinates her; one, moreover, that she interprets with precision and insight. On the other hand, journalistic curiosity aside, it is not easy to see why she would want to go back at all. For if the Soviet people, as she says, are "more friendly, vibrant, open to change" than one would suspect, their government is the opposite: cruel and perverse, unable even after 63 years to recognize its failure at—well, at everything that matters. The most distressing thought in a distressing era is that the Soviets are nearer than ever to making the whole world live just as they do. □

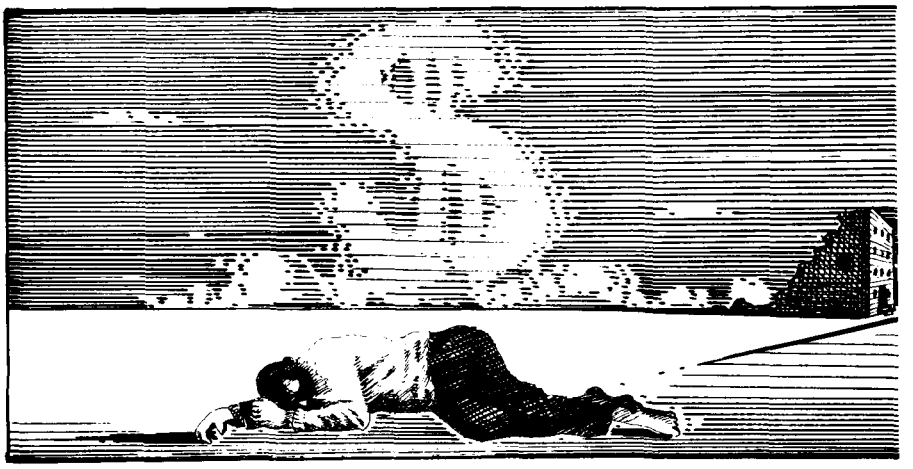
The Cost of Good Intentions: New York City and the Liberal Experiment
By Charles R. Morris
Norton, 256 pp., $14.95

RADICAL CHIC-ANERY

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

Fresh out of school, one gathers, and full of good intentions, the author of this book was employed by New York City, under the Lindsay administrations, from 1969 to 1973, first in capital construction projects, then as assistant budget director, and finally as director of the city's welfare and Medicaid programs. On April 14, 1975 the city ran out of money, the banks refused to extend further loans, and the game was over. Mr. Morris sets out, in this book, to analyze the causes of that collapse.

He succeeds and fails. He succeeds in his exhaustive documentation from official records (his work was conducted under a grant from the Ford Foundation), in his brilliant use of statistics showing that the growth of the city's expenditures under most categories was not out of line with the growth of similar expenditures in a dozen other cities, and in his judicious conclusion that Lindsay was a disaster. He fails to go deep enough into the reasons for the collapse.



If only for its analysis of the city's financial chicanery, however, the book deserves study. Payments to the "rainy day" fund were skipped; estimated earnings from pension assets or sinking funds were routinely overstated; there was little commonality of accounts between the comptroller's office and the budget director's office; expenses and revenues could be manipulated by shifting them from one fiscal year to another; expenses were recorded on a cash basis, revenues on accrual; accounting rules were changed in midyear when times got tough; state transfer payments were scheduled through the "magic window" that separated the state's fiscal year (March 31) from the city's fiscal year (June 30) in order to provide the illusion of increased municipal revenues without the reality of increased state expenditures; the "magic window" was used for the retirement of city debt before the end of the city's fiscal year while the state built up its own short-term borrowings throughout the year, creating a "pendulum" of short-term debt, eventually reaching $3.3 billion, that ricocheted between state and city accounts without ever appearing in the year-end balance sheets of either entity; "phantom revenues"—the unaudited estimates of unauditable revenues under a proliferating variety of aid programs—became collateral against which the city could borrow, as long as the banks didn't ask questions; expenses were treated as capital investments; and on and on. "There was no cleverness required," says Morris; "slovenliness all around produced all the money the city needed."

Lindsay's "soaring rhetoric" and "arrogant overreachings" were not unique. "Not just Lindsay, but liberals generally began to expect very much more from government in the 1960s . . . It was a splendid vision, but one that was seriously flawed and, from a management perspective, positively damaging. . . . The expectations that smaller class sizes would lead to better reading levels in public schools, more medical services to better health, or manpower training to productive employment were based ultimately on faith, not data. It was never possible to tell—at least on a scale that mattered—whether any of the social-intervention programs made a difference. In almost every case, the changes in clients that might be traceable to a program input were of about the same magnitude as the random variations that occurred in the absence of any programs at all. . . . There was no way to hold program managements genuinely accountable or to avoid dissipating resources and time on the merely silly."

WELL, politicians cannot get elected promising silly programs unless the voters can be bamboozled into thinking the silly is profound. The deeper reason for the "failure" of the "liberal" politics is, as René Wormser points out in *Conservatively Speaking*, that "the average citizen seems to think that government produces wealth—that it is a constantly available source to be looked to for succor, to provide huge sums of money out

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of the sky." It is, perhaps, part of Mr. Morris's problem that he concentrates on the failure of management under socialism and ignores the structural incapacity of socialist systems to deliver the goods. Yes, he mentions that the private sartmen did better work, at lower prices, than the city sanitation crews. Yes, he dips his toe into the discussion of rent control. But one waits in vain for him to admit that the people of the city would be far better off if the city would simply try to do less for them.

You'll like his evaluation of Lindsay, though: "In many ways, then, the failures of the first term were the failures of a position, of an ideology; the failures of the second term—and the substantial successes—were much more his own. The final question is not whether the successes outweighed the failures, but whether, making reasonable allowance for the times and the trends, the Lindsay administrations fell short of what they might reasonably have accomplished. My own judgment is that they did, and by substantial margins." □

Off Center
By Barbara Grizzuti Harrison
Dial Press, 305 pp., $9.95

ON TARGET

D. KEITH MANO

Ignore the absurd title: Barbara Grizzuti Harrison has a centripetal drive: things suck down to the middle here. Yet she is no ambivalent observer: not a U Thant of the soul, laying out fact like Congoleum tile. BGH writes with metered passion, and with the axis pain that a spinal tap has. She degausses her material: neutralizing both positive and negative charge. Splendid work done at risk: that steeple-high risk you associate with lightning rods. She can detect the fracture point: a midline where human issues, from stress fatigue, craze on their surface, then fall apart. Where society, in isolation, will start talking to itself: and no one can be sure which half of our schizoid I is just personable impostor: which voice, fed enough Thorazine, will take over the microphone and say hello. Not one of these twenty magazine pieces has been written in a fast groove: they long-play out: and their sound reproduction is high tech stuff.

Barbara Grizzuti Harrison: you can hear the broad equipoise in her name. Rough syllable; suave syllable. Her Italian Brooklyn bloodline and the married (divorced) persona that sounds like—probably was for some time—a kind of pseudonym. *Off Center* has unapologetic first-person writing: and that *numero uno* is resplendently eccentric. Brought up by her mother as—can you believe?—a fierce Jehovah's Witness: manic fundamentalism there that would have made the Monkey Trial prosecution seem more permissive than Sandstone. (It cheated her of college [overprideful]; for some time she thought cuticle picking was masturbation and took cold showers to cure the habit.) Now a Catholic and devout hypochondriac. A feminist and someone who is petrified of the down escalator. Who, by admission, smokes and eats too much: but has no haze or cellulite on her prose style. BGH, in spite of all, likes BGH: even her wacky side. She can listen to the other inmates: humor them and give them playing time. This is no ideologue: after you've witnessed for Jehovah, the other sects, religious or political, are just scratch and sniff. *Off Center* is a tribute, one of many, to childhood repression: it may not help you get downstairs, but it can—when overcome without bitterness—open and wonderfully sensitize the mind.

Feminist Harrison will write: "I do not wish to be told [by another feminist] that Matisse, Michelangelo, Donne, Yeats, et al. do not belong to me because I'm a woman." She can fear EST, Hare Krishna, or Mooniedom and yet say, "We ought . . . to recognize that longing for the transcendental is a reality of the human condition . . . We have to stop being embarrassed by religion before we can begin to come to grips with the cults." Liberal Harrison will report on racially taut New Utrecht High School and confess re "bigots hot with bloodlust" that "I felt pity for them . . . it is harder still to write it—I felt protective of them." Harrison does that: makes it hard for herself. And for those who read her.

Harder yet on abortion: BGH writes as woman, mother, Catholic, feminist, person: as, in fact, a sort of mini-consensus. Her essay is the best I have read on that peculiar institution: all axes are ground until they blunt. I hold an opinion; you hold an opinion: BGH has both—and she feels protective of us. If you can't afford *Off Center*, find a quiet side aisle in your bookstore and thumb to page 73. The reading will take ten minutes: but it will calm your rage—whichever rage you prefer.

And BGH is always engrossing: on Didion, on Cavett, on Roseland, on Billy Graham: there isn't a single long portage in this three-hundred-page freshwater ride. I tease with one marvelous instant. Jane Fonda to BGH: " 'Troy [a four-year-old Fonda child] understands that junk food is a political issue . . .' Later in the day Troy will whine and kick her in the shins and punch her in the stomach and demand, 'Where's my candy, dummy? Where's my candy, dummy, dummy?' " America answering Jane Fonda: conclusively. Oh, I laughed: and I was, forgive me, in Troy's shoe-tip; in his little counter-revolutionary fist.

True, she has no program: and right now, like the other IBM models, you probably want a program. Realize, though, that it will take some extraordinary courage to trust in good sense, in lucid prose—even when writing for *Ms.* or *New Republic*—and just invade the problem. BGH has opinions: she has all of them. And so do you: when night time has run too long and certainty wavers a bit before the unyoking again of sunlight. I am told by blurb text that Barbara Grizzuti Harrison is working on her first novel now. *Off Center* has a novelist's great, clear sensibility. The lady is equipped. I anticipate her event. □

FILM

MURDER MOST FULSOME

JOHN SIMON

To continue with Brian De Palma's *Dressed to Kill*, which we left last time with Angie Dickinson in the Scandinavian-modern office of her matinee-idolish psychiatrist, Michael Caine. The heartwarming headshrinker is administering to his long-time patient a simplis-

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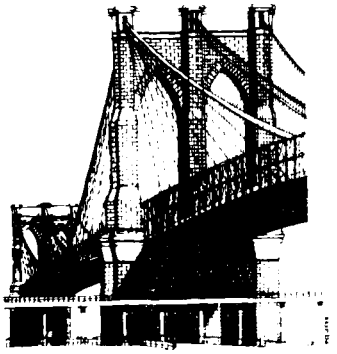
tic brand of therapy that suggests that neither of them has been involved with this sort of thing before. Such lack of credibility—and psychiatric explanations escalate into ludicrous absurdity as the film proceeds—matters only because De Palma is being hailed as a serious artist. If he were that, even his light entertainments or Gothic thrillers would have some bearing on at least a stylized reality, which is what distinguishes the fluff of an artist from the machinations of a manipulator.



Angie goes off to what is supposed to be the Metropolitan Museum but is actually its Philadelphia cousin, where she sits before a huge, junky portrait by Alex Katz and jots down shopping reminders into her agenda. The contrast between the museum setting and the scribbled trivia would be enough for a director with taste, but De Palma must drag in the photorealist portrait of a gorilla (*pintor*—to me—*ignotus*) from the opposite wall for what seems to be a further ironic comment. But what does it mean? (I wonder, incidentally, whether this atrocity actually hangs in the Philadelphia Museum of Art.) The fact that Angie's eager head (she appears to be using the museum as a pick-up place) is often shot against the crotch of a Philip Pearlstein nude *is* an unmistakable comment, though not one a director with finesse would find it necessary to make.

There ensues an elaborate pick-up ritual with a handsome stud—whose behavior is, by the way, completely self-contradictory—involving a deliberately dropped glove that may or may not be picked up, may or may not be returned, and may or may not be accepted if returned. There is also a profusion of tracking shots through the museum's galleries, ending with Angie's jumping into the taxi from which the stud ungallantly waves the missing glove. To the horrified delight of the cabbie watching in the rear-view mirror, the stud promptly administers his brand of oral resuscitation, of which, as a detective later remarks in a typical sample of De Palma's verbal wit, the driver gave "a blow-by-blow description."

Angie goes to the man's nifty apartment and is rendered ecstatic by having, apparently, all her connubial lacunas filled. Yet since the man is sleeping like a log all the time she is getting dressed, and since what we saw of his performance was not markedly different from the husband's, we feel as manipulated as Angie does when, in the process of writing a gracious thank-you note to her snoozing lover, she discovers in his desk drawer an urgent summons to report for treatment of his venereal disease. One of our film critics actually perceived this as evidence of De Palma's high moral purpose: punishment for her infidelity. Yet the swain's cloddish sleeping-it-off is ironic comeuppance enough; only De Palma's infantile sense of humor requires that the poor woman, about to be sliced to ribbons by a mad killer, agonize first about impending gonorrhea.

As a distraught Angie gets into the descending elevator, we catch a glimpse of the killer lying in wait for her on the fire-stairs. But he doesn't follow her into the conveniently empty elevator. On the way down, Angie discovers that she forgot her diamond solitaire by the bed where she committed her well-nigh solitary vice. So she must ride back up again to meet her doom; how did the waiting killer know that she would return? And what does the ominous stare of a little girl who, led by her mother, rides part-way up with Angie, mean? Pure effect without cause. Then the killer, a tall, dark-spectacled blond floozie—or perhaps a transvestite—gets into the elevator and starts cutting up Angie with a straight razor.

MEANWHILE, waiting downstairs for the elevator, is the real heroine of the film, Nancy Allen, a/k/a Mrs. Brian De Palma, whom, until death or divorce do them part, De Palma will undoubtedly inflict on us in film after film. She portrays (badly) a witty, intelligent, stylish, and basically pure hooker, who carefully invests her earnings in stocks and bonds, and may be the cinema's first whore with a heart of gilt-edged securities. The character, as written by De Palma, is yet another sophomoric sex fantasy, just as Angie Dickinson is the schoolboy's lubricious dream of the beautiful older woman in a state of continuous arousal and availability.

Nancy is with a john, gleaning tips on investing before divesting for him as the elevator doors open, revealing Angie streaming blood and extending a slashed, imploring hand for help. De Palma squeezes every bit of horror and fun, not to mention improbability, out of crosscutting between the gory murder and the comic Wall Street chatter and the john's craven flight. Unable to leave unwell enough alone, he must show us—as Nancy runs from the scene of the crime for which both police and perpetrator will be after her—a last grisly shot of the victim's foot protruding from the elevator door and twitching in the paroxysm of death. In view of the encomiums De Palma has been getting, Oscar Wilde must have been right: nothing succeeds like excess.

The murder scene is profoundly distasteful. Not because of the gratuitous brutality, and not because of the comic crosscutting, though both are bad enough. But because of the choreographic, interior-decoratorish way in which it is staged and shot. Angie's smart attire and the glistening high-tech elevator contrast cutely with the killer's campy getup and the generous helping of blood. Angie's vain gestures of self-defense or imprecation and her subsequent slow crumpling into a corner of the elevator are studiedly counterposed to the killer's showily swordsmanlike brandishing of the razor (which displays at various times in the film meticulously photographed reflections of the victim) and erect clinging to the wall of another corner in an attempt to avoid detection as the doors open. This is to treat murder (quite unlike Hitchcock, for all his serving as model to De Palma) as fashion-magazine chic *à la* Helmut Newton—perhaps the unholiest form of titillation. Claims by De Palmists notwithstanding, this is neither unblinking stoicism nor, more preposterous yet, the meting out of poetic justice. It is moral aphasia, and something uglier yet: the drawing out of murder into languorous, lascivious excitation.

I have no room—and feel no obligation—to analyze any more of *Dressed to Kill*, with its repeated formula of mixing jokiness, sexuality, and deadly violence. But I must comment on a set of final sequences, which include a shower scene for Nancy to complement Angie's and involve the young woman's dreams or fantasies. Framed as the

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lm is by this matching prologue and pilogue, it confronts us forcibly with ıe notion that the chief functions of ⁄omen are a) to indulge in elaborate reams or fantasies of a largely masohistic sort, and b) to provide men—oth as filmmakers and as filmgoers—/ith objects for *their* sexually aggressive nd murderous fantasizing.

Much has been made of De Palma's lleged brilliance in handling the camra. He is certainly not inept with it, ut here too he cheats. Thus in Nancy's ream, he fools around with a three-old point of view—the girl's, the kill-r's, and the director's—that has nothing o do with the way dreams work. But, f course, he doesn't want us to know hat dreams are dreams: we are sup-ɔosed to get all excited about watch-ng something that, though bizarre, is ıpparently real, then let him get off the ıook because it was, after all, only a lream. But dreams, too, have their ogic; only De Palma is completely de-/oid of it, as he is also of any moral ıense.

Ralph Bode's cinematography is routine, but there is one charming and persuasive performance: by Keith Gordon, as the young scientific genius who seems to find true happiness with our whorish heroine. Yet even this character is unconvincing: a wiz in everything electronic and an illiterate in biology—again merely to suit De Palma's whims. There is one clever and scary madhouse sequence, not quite enough to merit Pauline Kael's paean: "It is hardly possible to find a point at which you could tear yourself away from this picture." As I remarked last time, the story line is so full of holes as to be, at best, a dotted line. You can easily tear yourself away along it. □

DELECTATIONS

BULGARIA THE BEAUTIFUL

NIKA HAZELTON

I believe I've never seen so green a city as Sofia, the capital of Bulgaria, which I visited this June—numerous parks, boulevards, and streets shaded by big, ancient linden trees in bloom, benches in the dappled sunlight, roses everywhere, and the big, forested Mount Vitosha behind the city. In spite of a respectable number of cars and modern buildings, Sofia has preserved a great deal of old-fashioned, leisurely charm; I was reminded of Oslo in the days before North Sea oil.

While Bulgaria is one of the most solidly Communized states in the Soviet bloc (although as a tourist you mightn't guess it), the city's most visible edifice is the monumental Aleksandr Nevsky Cathedral, built, glittering domes and all, by grateful Bulgarians to show their appreciation for Russian help in gaining their independence from the Turks in 1878. Throughout Bulgaria, I saw many monuments to that war, which ended five hundred years of oppression, the most memorable being the mighty monument high over the Shipka pass where the battle took place, and a large fairy-tale Russian church in the village below, filled with worshipful Russian tour groups. (When I was there, the country was full of Russian tour groups, of an irreproachable neatness and bourgeois respectability. I figured that Bulgaria is sufficiently different from Russia to be a treat, and sufficiently safe not to give the Russian tourists unsuitable notions.)

BUT BACK to Sofia . . . Present-day Russian bonds are seen in the large, old-fashioned party HQ, crowned by a red star, which looks like any old ministry in a small capital, and the Dimitrov Mausoleum, containing the embalmed body of Bulgaria's national hero, who stood up to the Nazis at the Reichstag Fire trial. It is an unpretentious building, with two soldiers standing guard and a terrace from which the party bigshots review parades on national holidays. Unfortunately, it was closed on the day when I could have seen it. It struck me, though, that there was none of the oppressive atmosphere that surrounds the Lenin Tomb on Red Square. Apart from the two guards, no military were in sight (I hardly saw any soldiers or policemen in Bulgaria), and the people on the square looked and dressed like all southern Europeans.

Other Sofia memories: the wonderful collection of historic icons in the lower Nevsky Cathedral; the sonorous choir heard in the vast, elaborate church, which is Bulgarian Orthodox, somewhat different from Greek and Russian Orthodoxy; and the piece of paved Roman road and the Roman gate that are

"... You might have to go back to the days of Thomas Jefferson to find a case more mindboggling ..."

JAMES J. KILPATRICK, WASHINGTON STAR

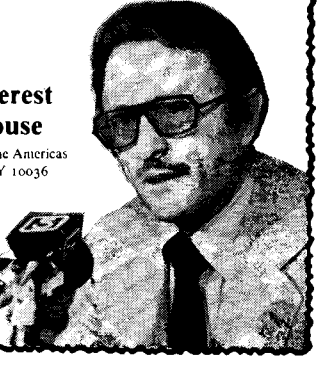
Millions saw the blazing confrontation on *60 Minutes* between Stanley R. Rader and Mike Wallace. From two days of intense interviewing, that program had been slickly edited into 13 minutes of half truths. (The full truth is revealed in the complete transcript, included in this book by Stanley R. Rader, Worldwide Church of God's Treasurer.)

It all began in January 1979, when armed with a hastily secured court order based upon rumor and innuendo, California's Attorney General raided the Pasadena offices of the Church firing employees, ransacking records, declaring himself "boss," and throwing the Church into receivership. This shocking drama comprises the classic church/state conflict. Supported by 83 million churchgoers and the California Civil Liberties Union, the Church is forcing the issue into the U.S. Supreme Court. Its decision will affect the religious rights of all Americans.

AGAINST THE GATES OF HELL

BY STANLEY R. RADER

A unique, explosive book!



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part of an underpass in the center of the city, which take you back two thousand years to when Sofia was Roman Serdica.

Sightseeing in Bulgaria is not as strenuous as it is in Italy. You can rent a car and go on your own to see the old monasteries and towns via Balkan Tourist, the state agency through which all travel, hotels, etc. are booked. As I did not have much time, and for simplicity's sake, I hired a small car (a Toyota) with chauffeur and interpreter. They were models of efficiency and seemliness, giving all the historical, geographical, and economic information I wanted, and they refrained from even mentioning the regime. I did not mention it either, because I thought it futile—what could they, state employees, say to an American tourist (possibly the herald of an influx of American tourists)?

In summer, Bulgaria is full of tourists both from the Soviet bloc and from West Germany, France, and England, who seek the sun in the Black Sea resorts, where you can stay in anything from deluxe hotels to furnished rooms. Bulgaria is far less costly than other European countries, and it is developing a fancy tourist and conference trade with luxury hotels in the major cities. The one I stayed in, in Sofia, was the Japanese-built Vitosha, with vast lobbies, four (good) restaurants, every kind of conference and health facility, and great rooms with color TV and excellent bathrooms, at $40 a night. (If you should decide to go to Bulgaria, note that you are much better off staying in luxury hotels. You do survive the standard hotels, but they are not Holiday Inns, despite rather touching attempts at gentility. If you can't afford luxury hotels, Balkan Tourist will put you up in private homes; a friend of mine who tried this said her hosts could not have been more hospitable.)

We covered a great deal of territory: south to Rila Monastery, wildly picturesque, with churches, towers, walls with open galleries, and marvelous fourteenth century frescoes; then on toward the Greek border to Melnik, an old Turkish town with beautifully reconstructed houses, totally hidden among enormous limestone cliffs. Then over the mountains, wild and thickly forested, to Pomporovo, a winter resort hidden in endless fir forests, where the very modern hotels were already getting shabby and the vast menus yielded only a few dishes. In Plovdiv, Bulgaria's second city and an industrial center, we saw the core of the old town: a well-preserved Roman amphitheater, Thracian walls, and narrow streets twisting up and down three hills, lined with the great houses of the old Ottoman merchants, now splendidly restored and housing museums, historical associations, and restaurants. In Kazanluk, a town that rather took my fancy (and where I bought a dozen very pretty handkerchiefs in a store as well stocked as any in an East German town), the Thracian tomb, dating to 3 or 4 B.C., made a great impression on me. The small, domed building has breathtakingly vivid frescoes of a funeral meal, with the local chieftain and his wife holding hands—she very sad because she has to accompany him into the Thracian beyond. In the Valley of Roses (the harvest was over) I saw the distillery where three tons of rose petals are fed into copper vats to make one liter of rose oil. Space prevents me from mentioning other monasteries, old towns, museums, and, above all, the lovely mountains and valleys of the country.

Thinking back, I was most impressed by the amount of historical reconstruction everywhere, and very skillfully done, too. Monastery walls are being mended, frescoes touched up, the big old houses of the rich merchants c Turkish times beautifully repaired- whole towns are resurrected in this mar ner. In all of this activity you sense deep national consciousness, and a ten der pride in the Bulgarian past.

I was also impressed by the degree t which the Orthodox religion is flourish ing, even though the state (as I gathere from my interpreter) does not like it Yet she willingly took me to see loca churches, where men and women ligh candles and kiss the icons, just as they did in the little churches I came acros in Sofia. □

ECOLOGY

WHALE-WATCHING

STEPHANIE HART

The sea off the coast of Maine was almost the color of the sky, both of them shades of slate grey. The wind was wet as the bow of our boat punched through the slab-like waves and moved out into the Atlantic. This was a Calvinist ocean that had never heard of the warm blue Gulf Stream. Moby Dick country. Yet everyone aboard feels a sense of exhilaration. Our trawler, the *Lady Bev*, pushes on at about ten knots. We all strain to see . . . something.

Suddenly, off the bow at about 11 o'clock, I do see something, an immense spray of water. We have spotted whales. What I had seen was the aftermath of a gigantic whale leap, tons of mammalian flesh going acrobatic, lifting into the air and crashing back, shattering the surface of the ocean into an explosion of white.

The *Lady Bev* churns ahead. Suddenly we see a spout of water and a mysterious gliding dark grey back, the fin carving the air. Then the enormous form sinks away, sinks far away below the surface, leaving the water a pale aqua green.

This unusual experience began for me in the relative calm of East Thetford, Vermont, where I live, a town amid the mountains, far from the sea. I happened to read a notice in the local paper to the effect that the University of New Hampshire in Durham was sponsoring

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some whale-watching trips. It seems that the chance of actually seeing these immense creatures is greatest during their annual migration northward from their winter breeding grounds in the Caribbean. I signed on, and, in due course, I found myself in Hampton Beach, New Hampshire.

Hampton Beach is anything but glamorous, yet it has its own distinctive character. It consists of cottages, bedraggled motels, peeling paint, and the ever-present smells of salt water and rotting fish. On the dock, fishermen sauntered around, preparing tackle and ice chests. There were lots of metal tables and sinks for cleaning the catch later on. Hoses for the expected gore. Fish heads and fish parts scattered on the beach. This wasn't the Riviera, but it has a gritty interest.

By now it was 6:30 in the morning, and I wanted some breakfast. In the luncheonette, a low red wooden building, I found a heated room full of men eating very solid fare: bacon, eggs, heaps of French toast. The waitress was friendly, and spoke about her husband, a fisherman.

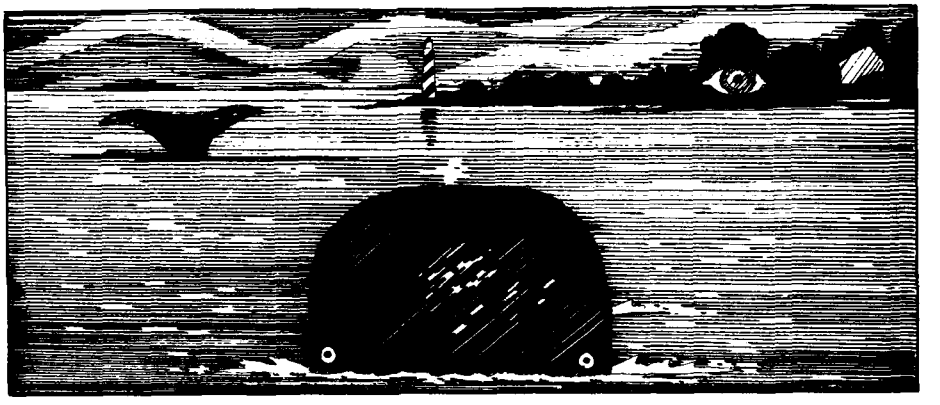
"He fishes for tuna. They can come eight hundred pounds. He takes them by hand. Uses rope line coiled out of baskets.

"He has to be careful not to bruise the flesh. In Gloucester, the tuna must look perfect. Otherwise the Japanese won't buy them."

The waitress explained how the Japanese purchasing agents come to the coast of Maine at certain times of the year. They pay more than anyone else for the fish—but they are only interested in the best. When they find what they want, they pay whatever it takes to get it, and then load it onto their own waiting refrigerator truck. Commercially, it apparently isn't all that far from Hampton Beach, New Hampshire to Yokohama.

After breakfast, the *Lady Bev* begins boarding. She's a 55-foot fishing boat with an unusually high and narrow pilot house near the bow. Wooden housing covers two engines amidships, and a wooden canopy covers about two-thirds of the deck. There are benches in the stern and along the rails for fishing or looking.

A naturalist named Scott Mercer from the University of New Hampshire is in charge of our party, numbering about thirty. Mercer calls us together and opens a large map to explain our course: down the coast and then out to Jeffrey's Ledge, a 25-mile trip. He tells us that we will be heading into chop and that the weather will get worse.



I look at the others. We are a miscellaneous lot, some young adults, some middle-aged people, some children. The general motive for coming appears to be curiosity. Everyone has come well-prepared with waterproofs, windshirts, sweaters, parkas; and once we round the jetty and head for open sea we understand how necessary this clothing is. On the North Atlantic, the wind tries its best to blow all the warmth out of your body, lashing you with its sharp wet edge. And yet it is exhilarating, heading out into that open sea; there is something primal about it, plunging and crashing into that greyness, feeling the whip of the wet wind, smelling the salt air.

The Coast Guard weather report can be heard from the wheel-house. Not good. Moderate seas, wind up to 35 knots, 100 per cent chance of thunderstorms. We break out bottles of sherry to warm both body and spirit.

AFTER SEVERAL hours of sailing due east we spot our first whale. The *Lady Bev* strains toward it at what, for her, is flank speed, engines growling and clattering. We see the surface of the water split again and crash as this great animal . . . seems to be *playing*. Within moments, the spout of water shoots into the air again. Once more the giant whale-back curves up out of the water, then plunges down and under. The *Lady Bev* rushes closer. Is this safe? The ship suddenly seems tiny and fragile. Seagulls, hovering in the sky, appear to anticipate the great whale's next emergence.

Another geyser of spray. The huge body heaves skyward, so close to us that we can see the huge flukes bend backward, can see the lighter-colored underside, can see the moment of stasis when the whale reaches the top of its leap, can see it crash back, tons of flesh plunging out of sight into the depths of the sea.

For the rest of the day, we watch whales. We come upon a group of adult humpbacks, each weighing around fifty tons. Humpbacks travel in pairs—a form of love, it would seem. The humpbacks are totally unafraid of our boat. They seem to want to play with us. We go fast, they go fast. We slow down, they slow down. I see a humpback thrust his whole fifty-ton body into the air, then crash on his side. There seems to be no reasonable explanation for this behavior, except, perhaps, the most reasonable one of all: this creature is celebrating his existence.

Whales swim within twenty feet of the *Lady Bev*. We can hear them breathing, a heavy sighing and hissing sound.

Now I understand what the gulls have been up to. They feed on the small fish stunned by the whales' careless sport. As Hart Crane once put it, "the bottom of the sea is cruel." □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

MOORTOWN, *by Ted Hughes (Harper & Row, 182 pp., $10.95).* Ted Hughes is the most forceful of present-day English poets and, with the possible exception of Derek Walcott, the most forceful writing in English. His style is stripped, direct, totally lacking in rhetoric or ambiguity, and like Robinson Jeffers's (which it resembles) dedicated to presenting nature as a des-

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perate struggle for survival and man as an uncompassionate observer of that struggle seeking to turn it to his advantage. Prometheus, who, in the Greek myth, underwent daily agony because he defied the gods in behalf of humanity, is presented by Hughes, in a series of poems, as a stoic sufferer without any redeeming sense of purpose. The title sequence, relating incidents in a year spent raising cattle and sheep with his father-in-law in Devon, comes closer than any other of Hughes's poems to establishing a sympathetic relationship between drivers and driven. In one of the poems, "New Year Exhilaration," a storm cleanses the cruel world with a sense of exaltation:

The river
Thunders like a factory, its weirs
Are tremendous engines. People
Walk precariously, the whole landscape
Is imperiled, like a tarpaulin
With the wind under it. "It nearly
Blew me up the chimbley!" And a laugh
Blows away like a hat.

SELDEN RODMAN

H. L. MENCKEN'S UN-NEGLECTED ANNIVERSARY, *by P. J. Wingate (Holly Press, 73 pp., $6).* This is the first book to be published for the Mencken centennial, and it is an item of vertu: a small hardcover of no doubt small press run, it will be a rarity akin to *The Ombibulous Mr. Mencken* (1968). It is as important and earthshaking as that volume, and of necessity lighter than the scholarly book of essays to be published on HLM's birthday by Knopf. Reprinted here, with suitable commentary, are Mencken's "A Neglected Anniversary," a superb 1917 hoax purporting to be the history of the bathtub in America, wherein he claimed Millard Fillmore was the first President to install a tub in the White House; "Melancholy Reflections," the author's exposure of the hoax; and "Hymn to the Truth," more reflections. Also included are short essays on the progressive acceptance of the hoax as historical truth, a reprint from *Menckeniana* on HLM as a Baltimore Episcopalian, and an appreciation of his work in behalf of the American language. This is rich stuff; perhaps not worth a book, but, after all, you can never get enough Mencken. For those who understand, no explanation is necessary. For those who don't understand, no explanation is possible.

JOE MYSAK

LETTERS FROM RING, *edited by Clifford M. Caruthers (Walden Press, distributed by Northern Illinois University Press, 305 pp., $10.95).* Of Ring Lardner there is, apparently, no end. Two biographies, a family memoir, a bibliography, a volume of previously uncollected stories, and countless articles are available to the Lardner buff. Clifford Caruthers, who edited the Perkins-Lardner correspondence in *Ring*

Dark Horses

M. STANTON EVANS

CONSERVING ENERGY through better insulation could be hazardous to your health—although the U.S. Government is not alerting us to the possibility.

If this sounds fanciful, rest assured it isn't. Recent scientific data indicate tightly insulated houses (encouraged by official policy) can trap dangerous radiation that would escape from homes less snugly fitted. The problem is a gas called "radon," which rises from traces of uranium in the ground, the burning of coal or natural gas, or stones piled up in basements to capture heat from solar power. In well-insulated structures, concentration of this gas (which can cause lung cancer) increases markedly.

This and other surprising disclosures about radiation are contained in two recently published handbooks on the subject—*The Radiation Bogey* by Professor Petr Beckmann (Golem Press, Box 1342, Boulder, Colo. 80306; $2), and *The Radiation Controversy* by Dr. Ralph Lapp (Reddy Communications, 537 Steamboat Road, Greenwich, Conn. 06830; $2.75). The thesis of both volumes is that the furor over radiation from nuclear power is totally contrived, while radiation levels from other, assertedly more "natural," sources, though more intense, are casually neglected.

Background radiation to which we are subjected from, among other things, granite buildings, cosmic rays, minerals in the earth, medical X-rays, and the proximity of other human beings adds up to an average 148 millirems a year (a "rem" is the unit by which the exposure of human tissue to radiation is measured). Compared to all this, the authors note, exposure of the average citizen to radiation from nuclear energy is truly microscopic—5 millirems at most for those who live near the plants, virtually nothing for anybody else in the country.

For purposes of comparison, Lapp observes that someone living in Colorado is exposed to about 140 millirems more per year than someone living on the Eastern seaboard—because of cosmic rays at the higher elevation and because of minerals in the soil. This added exposure is far larger than the biggest dose of radiation a member of the public could have received from Three Mile Island (about 80 millirems). Yet, for some reason, the people agitating against nuclear power on the grounds of radiation danger have yet to urge abandonment of Denver.

Such comparisons could be carried further. Anti-nuclear activists who travel through the granite confines of Grand Central Station (525 millirems) or go to the Library of Congress to do research (344 millirems) are exposing themselves to far more radiation than they could have received by standing naked downwind from TMI throughout the fabled "crisis." And someone who takes a jet plane coast to coast, as Beckmann blandly puts it, is getting a "bigger dose of radiation than the average citizen gets from all the nuclear plants in the country in a lifetime."

AS IT HAPPENS, such natural exposure as people receive from Grand Central, the Library of Congress, or jet air travel poses no discernible threat to anybody's health. Both authors point out that cancer death rates are *lower* in radioactive Colorado and the Rocky Mountain area generally than in the Eastern and Southeastern United States. If this comparatively large additional exposure to natural radiation isn't killing people, still less is the infinitesimal radiation from nuclear power doing so.

In the course of demonstrating all this, both authors take on the numerous myths created by the anti-nuclear lobby —including alleged links between atomic plants and infant mortality, the cancer scare, and the flap concerning TMI. Nuclear critics such as Professor Ernest Sternglass and Professor John Gofman come in for particular attention. Between them, Lapp and Beckmann provide a wealth of needed factual information on this mysterious and widely disputed topic. □

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round Max (1973), has finally gotten round to the sportswriter-satirist's other letters, notably to his family and to friends like F. Scott Fitzgerald and H. L. Mencken. Lardner's favorite literary form was the letter, and the best of his own letters are revealing and rewarding. Baseball reporting, fiction writing, Great Neck (which was the inspiration for Fitzgerald's *Gatsby*), why Lardner preferred George Ade to Mark Twain—all are here. Also here are 25 pages of courtship letters, which are as unnecessary as they are tedious. There is nothing new or particularly valuable in the editorial commentary, and the setting of the book in imitation typewriting is distracting, even barbarous, although certainly original. In short, *Letters from Ring* is nothing to write home about, and recommended only for the Lardner completist. OWEN HATTERAS

PALACE POLITICS: *An Inside Account of the Ford Years, by Robert T. Hartmann (McGraw-Hill, 451 pp., $15.95).* This book is disappointing for a variety of reasons, not the least being the numbing repetition of the central theme. Hartmann's obsession with the degree to which the Nixon staff managed the Oval Office before and after the accession of Gerald Ford to the Presidency soon wears on one's nerves. So does his monotonous use of the words "Praetorian Guard," "Praetorians," and "White House Praetorians." Which is not to suggest that the author's point is invalid. It is arguable that Mr. Ford failed to win the 1976 election largely because he had never fully emerged from the shadow of the Nixon Administration. Yet the blame for this must ultimately be Ford's, and though Hartmann ruefully concludes as much, he spends the bulk of the book flailing the Nixon holdovers for sabotage. The flavor of sour grapes becomes more evident as the author, who was Chief of Staff for Congressman and Vice President Ford, details the successive elevations of Haig, Rumsfeld, and Cheney to the command status that might have otherwise accrued to him. Hartmann chides those advisors who tried to toughen the President's image, yet finally concludes that it may have been Ford's reluctance to seize the leadership initiative that delivered the Republic to Jimmy Carter. Considering that sobering conclusion, one wonders if there were too many Praetorians inside the palace, or too few. ALAN L. MILLER

TORTORA

(Continued from page 1141)

Chief Justice Chase's opinion in the case displayed a laudable deference to both the spirit and the letter of the Constitution; he showed reluctance even to speak to an issue on which jurisdiction had been removed, saying, "The first question necessarily is that of jurisdiction; for, if the Act of March 1868 takes away the jurisdiction defined by the Act of February 1867, it is useless, *if not improper*, to enter into any discussion of other questions." And further, "Without jurisdiction the Court cannot proceed at all in any cause. Jurisdiction is power to declare the law, and when it ceases to exist, the only function remaining to the Court is that of announcing the fact and dismissing the cause."

So admirable a fidelity to the Constitution has not been consistently shown by recent courts, and it would be idle not to come to grips with the question which logically springs to mind: What if the Court decided otherwise and asserted its right to rule even where jurisdiction had not been granted? The question is not entirely speculative. In his *History of the Supreme Court of the United States*, Charles Fairman reminds us that when Justice Harlan in 1962 mentioned the *McCardle* case, "there was a nervous reaction within the Court. Justice Douglas saw 'great mischief'—'There is a serious question whether the *McCardle* case would command a majority view today.' "

Precisely. It is this very lack of obedience to the Constitution which has given rise to this article. But, again, how would it be resolved? A constitutional crisis would have been precipitated, and, ultimately, it would be a political question which would be settled by the relative strengths of the contending forces. This and this alone will determine who prevails, and not any arcane argument about legalities. But for those who seek guidance as to how it should be dealt with if the Court ever so defied Congress, there is no better guidance than that provided by Alexander Hamilton in the 81st Federalist:

> It may in the last place be observed that the supposed danger of judiciary encroachments on the legislative authority which has been upon many occasions reiterated is in reality a phantom. Particular misconstructions and contraventions of the will of the legislature may now and then happen; but they can never be so extensive as to amount to an inconvenience, or in any sensible degree to affect the order of the political system. This may be inferred with certainty from the general nature of the judicial power, from the objects to which it relates, from the manner in which it is exercised, from its comparative weakness, and from its total incapacity to support its usurpations by force. And the inference is greatly fortified by the consideration of the important constitutional check which the power of instituting impeachments in one part of the legislative body, and of determining upon them in the other, would give to that body upon the members of the judicial department. This is alone a complete security. There never can be any danger that the judges, by a series of deliberate usurptions on the authority of the legislature, would hazard the united resentment of the body entrusted with it, while this body was possessed of the means of punishing their presumption by degrading them from their stations. While this ought to remove all apprehensions on the subject it affords, at the same time, a cogent argument for constituting the Senate a court for the trial of impeachments. □

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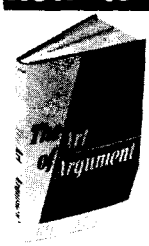

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MARY LOVETT NITSCH:

Tips for Women

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In the Peking Soup

On The Right

New York, Aug. 27—Just to begin with, if Ronald Reagan or any member of his staff ever again says, "We cannot turn the clock back," I and all my friends and admirers will vote for Carter, and that would mean a Democratic landslide. Professor Friedrich Hayek once said that of all clichés in circulation, that one is the most stomach-turning. If you intend it literally, it is meaningless—because it is self-evident. To say factually that you cannot turn back the clock is the equivalent of saying that nothing can simultaneously exist and not exist. If you mean it metaphorically—as Richard Allen obviously used the expression when asked whether President Reagan would institute a Two Chinas policy—then you are saying something no thoughtful man has any business saying. "To say you cannot turn the clock back," writes Hayek, "*is to say that you* cannot learn from experience."

1. Reagan, seeing Bush off at the airport, answered questions that touched on Reagan's well-known friendship for Taiwan. What Reagan said was that he did not propose to reopen our Embassy in Taiwan, but that the liaison office we currently maintain there "could be official." That's all he said that was controversial, believe it or not.

2. The *Peking Daily News* lashed out at Reagan, calling him and his policies all the usual things. "Ronald Reagan tried in his remarks to convince people that the United States can establish 'official' relations with Taiwan while continuing friendly relations with the People's Republic of China." And then that wonderful stock phrase in the Communist terminology, which inevitably introduces a lie: "*As is known to all* . . . the establishment of diplomatic relations between China and the United States was based on the principle of U.S. recognition of the irrefutable fact that there is only one China and Taiwan is its integral part."

Comment: a) To begin with, that is known to nobody. An integral part of a state can hardly be ruled by an entirely different government exercising de facto and de jure dominion. b) So clear was it when Carter closed our Embassy in Taiwan that we didn't intend to invite the Mainland to "integrate" Taiwan, Senators Kennedy and Cranston (no less) even introduced a resolution stating that the U.S. would consider an armed attack on Taiwan "a danger to the stability and peace of Asia." c) The Chinese are very well aware that "two Chinas" is hardly a historical innovation. The Southern Sung coexisted with the Mongols' China for 150 years. At the Paris Peace Conference at the end of World War I the Chinese delegation included representatives from the government of Peking as well as from the rival government in Canton. We have two Germanies, two Koreas; until recently, two Vietnams. It isn't up to the U.S. to decide which is the "sole legal government" of the territory in question.

3. If the election of Reagan is to mean anything at all, it will mean that we are not disposed to be agents of other countries' policies. Not even Peking's, whatever *policy that is; whatever it will be tomorrow*. We have no desire to be provocative, but no appetite to endure humiliation. The notion that Communist China seeks U.S. ties because it harbors any sentimental interest in better relations with us is the chimerical stuff of which Carter's foreign policy is composed. Mr. Reagan and Mr. Bush and Mr. Allen are men of conviction and dignity. A carefully considered statement should have been written out, memorized, and reiterated in all circumstances, namely: "Under existing arrangements, the government of the United States maintains a pseudo-'institute' in Taiwan which is in fact a diplomatic liaison office. It is beneath the dignity of the United States to engage in such deceptions, and accordingly a Reagan Administration, while not altering in any way its disposition to increase ties with the People's Republic of China, will regularize *its offices in Taiwan.*" *Except that I am* a serious man, I would have been tempted to add: "And if the Peking government doesn't like that, we'll open a *third* liaison office with the Gang of Four." □

WHAT TO DO

New York, Aug. 29—It is the dream of every man who dreams that one day over the rainbow, one incident in the Soviet empire will prove to be the cordite that will bring down the House of Lenin. It is the nightmare of the slavemasters of the House of Lenin that one day, one incident in the Soviet empire will be the cordite that will bring the *emancipation of the dead souls they collect* so avariciously. That is the reason why a mere labor-union strike in a remote corner of Poland causes the world to hold its breath. The chances that we have come to the end of the rainbow are infinitesimally small. Far greater that we have come to another of those periodic tests of will, at which the Soviet Union excels even as we flounder.

At the same moment when the prospective next Vice President of the United States is more or less assuring the largest totalitarian nation in the world that if elected the Reagan Administration will do nothing to formalize our commitment to Taiwan's freedom, the Soviet Union, through its puppet Gierek, is telling the Polish strikers that if they persist in their demands for economic and political freedom, what goes by the name of the Polish border will disappear. I.e., direct control by the Soviet Union, *versus* indirect. (See also "The Protracted Conflict.")

Those who think this makes little difference have not experienced that difference. Ten years ago, after a week in the Soviet Union followed by a day in Warsaw, I wrote that after you leave Russia, everyone in Poland sounds like Lenny Bruce. It requires a special map to find in Poland anyone who approves of the current bondage, or of those in Moscow who make it so. But the Poles, as a people, are realists, and know that they are

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etter off than they would be under a more fastidious domination by the Russians, which is why the explosion of frustration at Gdansk is a possible flashpoint.

What to do?

The autopsists still rage against each other endeavoring to answer the question of whether United States policy was responsible for the bloodbath in Budapest in 1956. The position of the United States government is that there is nowhere traceable any official suggestion that the United States would intervene to protect a Hungary that sought to detach itself from the Soviet empire. Still, in those days there were idealists who spoke occasionally about liberation, indeed that galvanizing word was uttered by John Dulles during the 1952 campaign that ended in his installation as Secretary of State. And, in 1968, the gleeful international reception given to the Prague Spring unquestionably influenced the Russians in the direction of their massive suppression—which again, an excruciating historical symbol) ended to coincide with the massive dissolution of our will in Southeast Asia.

WHAT HURTS is that there is always a suspicion that the State Department—yes, even one headed by a Polish-American—rather wishes the crisis had not occurred. We are wallowing about in something that fairly or unfairly) goes by the name of the Sonnenfeldt Doctrine, and what it says, essentially, is that we must avoid destabilization. Destabilization is a fancy word for: "Don't do anything that might upset the Soviet Union, either by taking from it something it already has, or by acquiring for your own account something you didn't use to have." Destabilization was written into the Helsinki accords, which—a juridical sleight of hand—suggested that that over which the Soviet Union has control, it shall continue to have control over. The great compensator was the provision signed by the Soviet Union guaranteeing all kinds of freedoms which went by the name of Basket III, and was instantly celebrated by the Soviet Union by putting into jail anyone who uttered the word "Helsinki."

So, again, what do we do? Well, Radio Free Europe and the VOA are faithfully reporting events over their facilities—but, careful, all opinions are those of other entities; nothing provocative. Mr. Carter is likely to express his deep, deep concern, especially to Polish audiences, before whom he is unlikely to recall his glowing words about the goals of the Polish Communist leadership, uttered in Warsaw early in his Presidency.

Ronald Reagan? Let us see.

There is always the United Nations. It is a) a moral mess; and b) primarily an anti-Israeli lobby. But when last heard from, we did occupy a seat on the Security Council, and we might just bestir ourselves to call a session in order to condemn Soviet violations of Articles 18, 19, 20, 21, and 23 of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, Principle Seven of Basket I of the Helsinki accords, and all of Basket III. That won't do very much for the Polish heroes, but it will do something for our own self-esteem. □

JAVITS VERSUS D'AMATO

New York, Aug. 25—In 1963, Senator Jacob Javits pronounced to a gathering of influential guests at a dinner party that a) Barry Goldwater would not be nominated for President in the succeeding year; b) if he were, the Republican Party would probably go out of existence; and c) in any event, he, Javits, would need to reconsider his affiliation with such a Republican Party. In 1964, Goldwater was indeed nominated, and Javits, along with a few other Republicans, ostentatiously declined to back their party's nominee, with the result that he lost overwhelmingly. But on its way to extinction, a funny thing happened to the Republican Party: it seemed to grow more vigorous. Moreover, it grew more vigorous along the sibylline paths toward which Goldwater had signaled, and it has now nominated the probable next President, Ronald Reagan—who became conspicuous in 1964 for his backing of Goldwater. As for Goldwater? Well, he is a man of princely charity. While stating that he disagrees with Javits "on just about everything," he has endorsed Javits for re-election, an eccentric gesture comparable only to a conservative's backing the late Allard Lowenstein for Congress.

Well, politics is a strange game. But the endorsement by Senator Goldwater is not likely to prove critical, because there is a man called Alfonse D'Amato. Never heard of him? You will. And here is an interesting poll. Among New York Republicans, Javits is currently preferred by 55 to 27 per cent. But now look at the poll of Republicans who have heard not only of Javits but of D'Amato: *they* favor D'Amato by 52 to 38—not bad, considering that Mr. Javits has been senator for 24 years, and D'Amato, at age 43, is only the presiding supervisor of the town of Hempstead on Long Island—where his constituency of 800,000 is larger than that of Boston, San Francisco, and 11 states. But D'Amato is an attractive candidate—and a formidable one. Win or lose to Javits in the Republican primary on September 9, D'Amato's name will appear—not once, but twice, because he has already won the endorsement of the Conservative and the Right-to-Life Parties. Javits, if he loses to D'Amato, will appear also—on the Liberal line. The Liberal Party, which believes in moving forward with the times, has shrunk from the third largest party in New York to the fifth, justifying its own mandate to stay abreast of political developments.

Now the reason for the general dissatisfaction with Javits among Republicans is the simplest thing to figure out in all America. He is a Democrat by conviction. In 1979, Javits voted with Jimmy Carter 82 per cent of the time. In 1978 he voted with Jimmy Carter 86 per cent of the time. Now—brace yourself—that put him to the left of Senators George McGovern, Edward Kennedy, and Frank Church, and there isn't much room over there to the left of these gentlemen; and none at all, in any sane society, for a Republican. It is mystifying why Javits didn't do what his protégé John Lindsay did ten years ago when he made an honest woman of himself by joining the Democratic Party, to which he always really belonged. But Javits, who has a very pleasing personality, is something of a tease. It's kind of fun to be a Republican who votes Democratic. There are Democratic transvestites too, who vote conservative; but every now and again they come around, as Strom Thurmond did when he changed his party designation.

D'Amato is running against Javits's record, but he is not above mentioning also his age. Mr. Javits is 76 and ailing. If he were to win and retire, he'd be replaced by a Democrat, because New York's governor is a Democrat. There wouldn't be any noticeable difference in the voting line-up, but then there would technically be one less Republican in the Senate.

JAVITS, by the way, is eminently defeatable in a Republican primary. John Marchi defeated John Lindsay when the latter was mayor of New York City. Senator Buckley demolished his liberal Republican opponent in a 1976 primary. Radio announcer Barry Farber got 43 per cent of the votes against liberal establishmentarian Roy Goodman in 1977. And D'Amato, who received 35 per cent of the votes in the Republican convention, thus entitling him to a primary, has the backing of Republican leaders in Brooklyn, the Bronx, and Nassau and Suffolk counties. He needs upstate recognition, and is slowly getting it.

So the lineup in November in New York, on the five party lines, is likely to be: Carter-Holtzman (the probable winner of the Democratic senatorial primary); Reagan-D'Amato; Reagan-D'Amato; Reagan-D'Amato; Anderson-Javits. Take your choice. Me too. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A man from England, Maine, Oreg., or Hoffa — 66 156 17 122 234 167 85 185 197 187

B. Looking into — 70 149 58 84 75 113 98 144 237 193 / 190 205 181

C. What this country needs! — 78 125 45 241 110 99 117

D. Thought — 109 39 150 169 186 1 97 134 18 230

E. Choices — 115 225 137 164 6 239 148 93 196

F. Enough — 118 89 193 207 13 68 79 102 127 165

G. Short-winded after running — 135 30 43 55 81 88 159 184 233 176 / 123

H. Seizure of an industry by government — 138 163 221 5 48 56 188 103 130 236 / 199 15 20 26 80

I. This follows an evangelistic sermon — 3 40 47 67 63 52 32 82 96

J. A railroad in our Middle West — 192 7 11 21 37 65 142 153 198 214 / 223 235 14 27 42

K. Feelings — 195 121 8 129 54 240 155 112

L. "Head for the _____, Mother; that brakeman can't corner you there!" — 200 206 83 107 34 161 179 209 10 57

M. A town in Shikoku, Japan. — 220 131 139 177 172

N. What Sam Johnson, Boswell, and their associates were — 228 2 16 35 41 51 114 126 141 152 / 158 77 87 91

O. The New York Port and the Tennessee Valley, for example — 100 23 25 69 76 36 44 53 61

P. DECLARE A WAR, HUN! — 33 95 105 168 94 201 212 160 224 232 / 12 31 143 216

Q. Dimensions — 62 222 171 202 182

R. Contests — 92 208 217 140 191 59 175

S. How the House of Representatives often decides an issue — 157 218 203 147 145 72 64 238 124

T. Eternally — 174 9 226 50 71 213 116 4 104

U. Without sleep (adv.) — 178 49 74 101 111 120 128 146 173 170

V. A river in Texas — 215 132 227 86 73 22

W. Unwanted dogs — 19 151 133 108 28

X. A town in Gates County, N. C. — 24 166 60 229

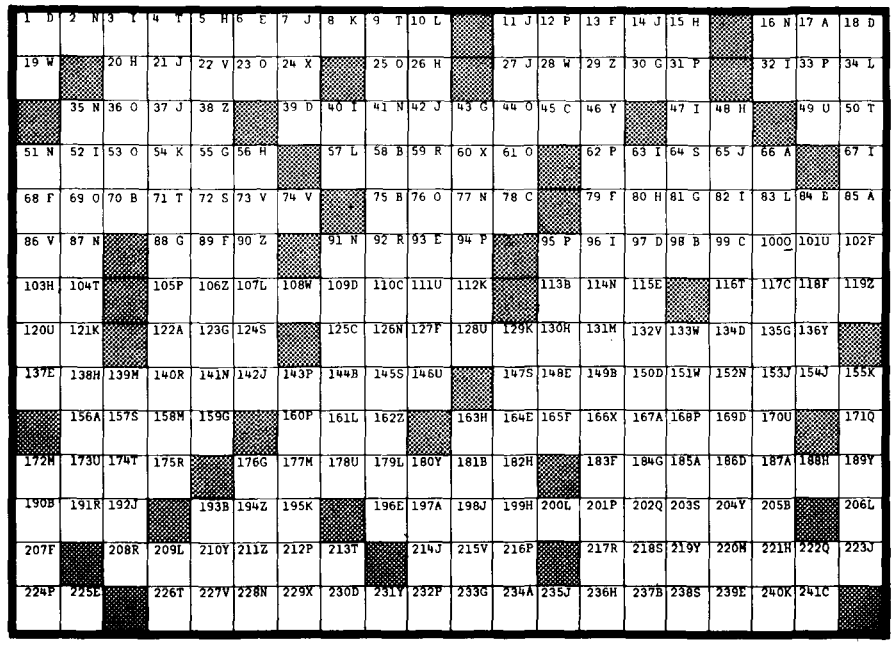
Y. A town in Fayette County, Ind. — 46 180 189 219 231 204 210 136

Z. Tasty — 90 106 154 119 194 29 162 38 211

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the end of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution.

See page 1158 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.



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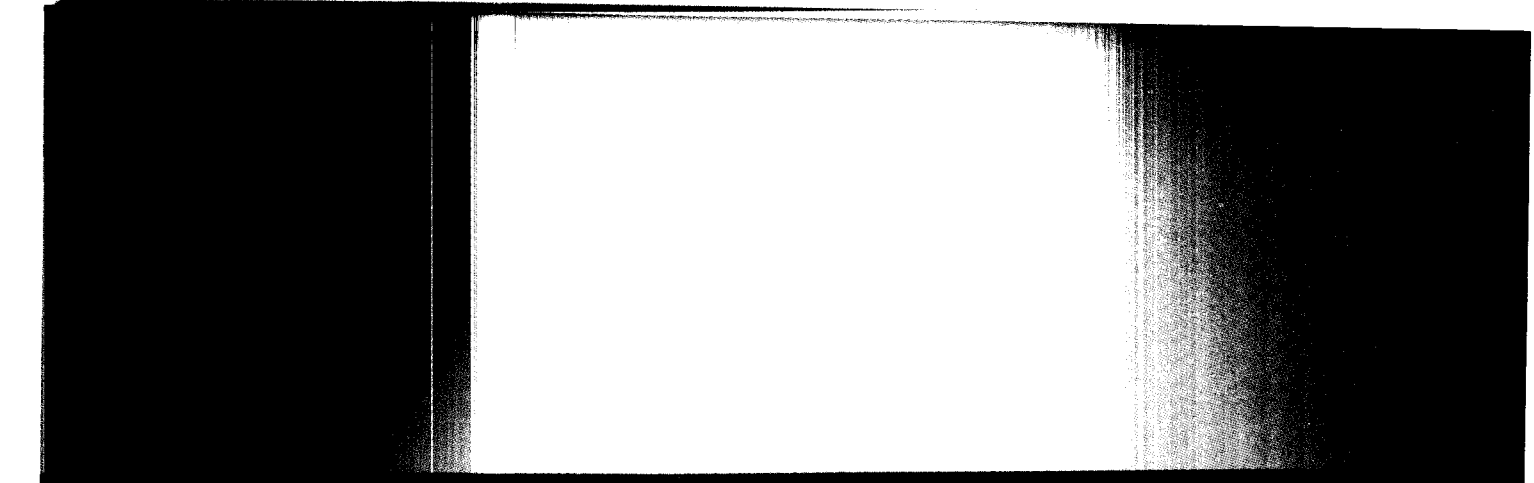

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Consumer Orientation
No. 8 in a Series
Subject: Maximizing Volumetric Efficiency

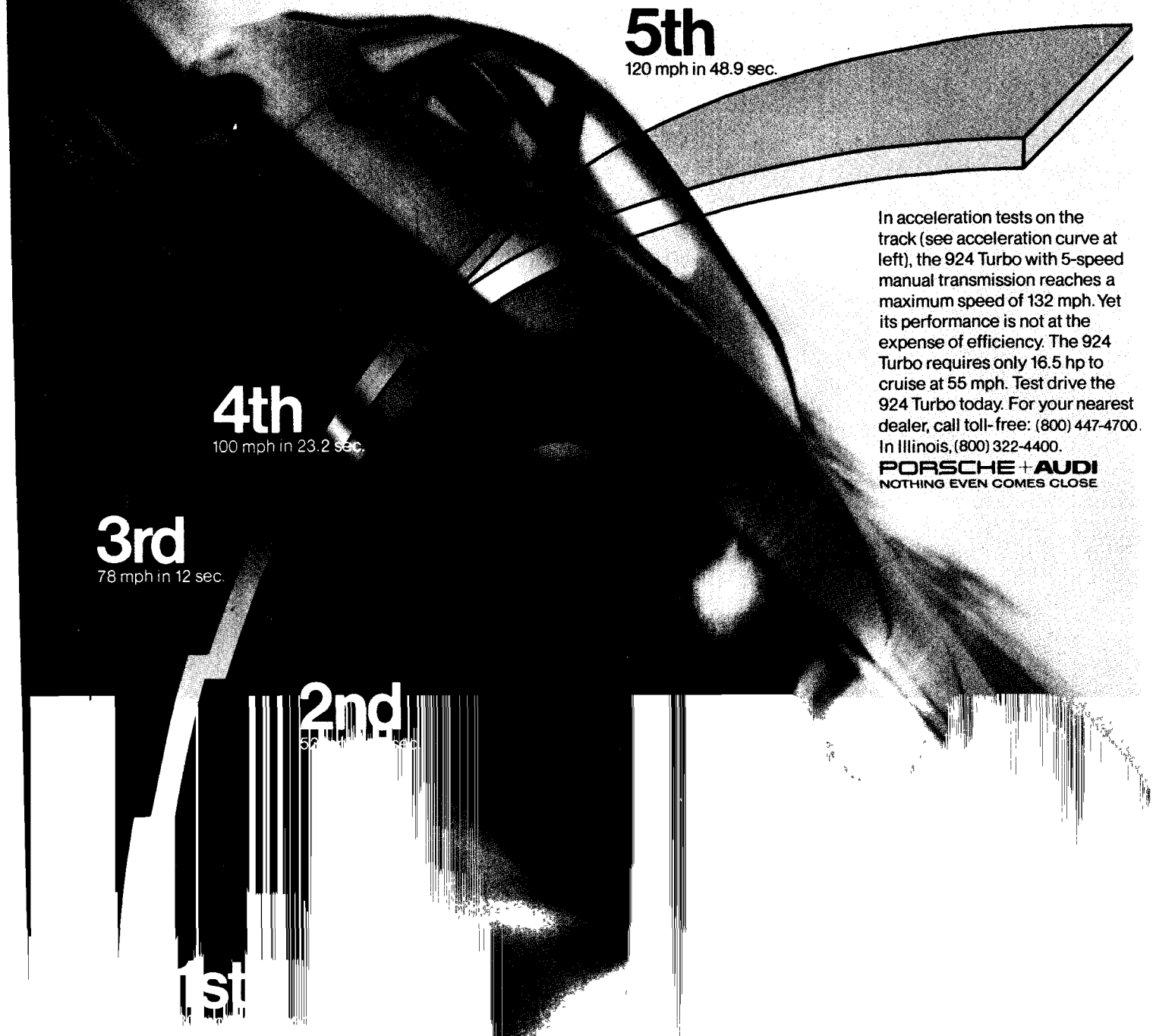
8

Porsche 924 Turbo

At Weissach, where Porsche's Research and Development Center (Entwicklungszentrum) is located, the price of gasoline is $2.55 per gallon. Yet throughout Germany, you can drive the Autobahn which has virtually no speed limits. To meet the unique goals of performance and economy*—Porsche engineered the 924 Turbo.

Turbocharging maximizes the volumetric efficiency of an engine. Instead of increasing the engine's displacement, it increases the density of the charge supplied to the engine. A naturally aspirated engine's air supply is limited by normal atmospheric pressure. But on demand, the 924's turbocharger forces air into its engine at up to one-and-a-half times normal atmospheric pressure. The result: more efficient combustion and a 30% increase in horsepower and torque. The 924 Turbo's engine produces 143 bhp at 5500 rpm and generates 147 ft-lbs of torque at 3500 rpm. The power that drives the turbocharger comes from normally-wasted engine exhaust gases. Thus, in effect, the 924 Turbo creates energy from waste.

*EPA estimated (19) mpg. 31 mpg estimated highway. Use the "estimated mpg" for comparison. Mpg varies with speed, trip length, weather. Actual highway mpg will probably be less.



In acceleration tests on the track (see acceleration curve at left), the 924 Turbo with 5-speed manual transmission reaches a maximum speed of 132 mph. Yet its performance is not at the expense of efficiency. The 924 Turbo requires only 16.5 hp to cruise at 55 mph. Test drive the 924 Turbo today. For your nearest dealer, call toll-free: (800) 447-4700. In Illinois, (800) 322-4400.

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